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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	641	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued).		CORRESPONDENCE—(continued).	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Pig-Cheer. By the Right Rev.		Soldiers' Dental Aid Fund (Ada Elizabeth Fletcher)	653
A Christmas Message	644	Bishop Frodsham	648	REVIEWS:	
Home Thoughts of the Army and Navy	645	The Dance and War. By Lady Frazer	649	Mr. Kipling's Plain Tales	653
The New Position in Egypt	645	Why the Milkman shudders when he perceives the Dawn. By Lord Dunsany	650	The Pilgrim's Way	654
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 21). By Vieille Moustache	646	CORRESPONDENCE:		Spirals in Art and Nature	655
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		From America	651	Sifting the Iliad	656
"Venus and Adonis" and the Earlier Sonnets of Shakespeare. By Judge Evans	647	Voices (Arthur A. Baumann)	652	Modern English Theology	657
		King Albert's Book (John Palmer)	652	[Reviewed by Canon Douglas Maclean.]	
		A Burns Quotation	653	Latest Books	658
				Books Received	658
				FINANCE:	
				Insurance: Clerical, Medical and General Life	660

The SATURDAY REVIEW has the English rights of a new series of articles on Russian life by Mr. Hugh Walpole—now at the Front with the Russian Army—and the first of these will be printed in the Review at the beginning of the New Year.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On the whole Christmas finds the position of the Allies in Flanders and the North of France secure, and their prospects for the near future not at all gloomy. We have from the start of the war refused to pay the least heed to the light-headed optimism which has deceived that somewhat large section of the public which asks to be deceived once or more a day, and which apparently insists on having news at least once a week of marked progress if not of signal victories; therefore we think little of the reports which suggest another general, or even triumphant, advance in the West, besides the customary "victory" in the East. These are efforts of the imagination only: still, looking at the thing quietly, one may say that the position and prospects on the West are by no means discouraging. The position on the East is very obscure: all we know for sure is that the stories of huge sweeping victories there—told and claimed by the ill-informed on both sides—were grotesque.

What seems fairly clear is that, for anything like large and continuous success, we shall have to wait on the west side till we are able to bring to bear our new armies on the great task of clearing Belgium; whilst, in the East, Russia may have to strengthen her railway resources before she can start the invasion of Germany on an irresistible scale. There is no help for it: wait we must, patiently and steadfastly; and it is futile and even dangerous to buoy ourselves up with false hopes and rumours that Germany cannot stand the strain much longer, or is already on the verge of an insurrection, or is beginning to feel famine prices, and so on. We shall win, not through Germany's weakness, but through our own slowly grow-

ing strength. As to staying power, both sides possess it; but the Allies can stay longer. Therefore the word is prepare, keep on preparing. We have to make up, and we shall make up, for the want of men and arms with which we started the war. This point is put with an old campaigner's direct and simple truth in the remarkable article by our military correspondent in the REVIEW to-day.

Meantime we must frankly face the truth about the campaign in Poland. There is terrible fighting for the Russian armies at this time in the Eastern theatre. Again they fall back to straighten out their line; and still they are desperately pressed with the weight of an Austro-German offensive in the South, designed by Von Hindenburg for the salvation of Silesia. Poland is now the supreme theatre. In Belgium General Joffre will nibble, and nibble again, through the ensuing days, at the fortified line of the Germans; but we may be sure his Staff will also be anxiously watching the German thrust at the heart of Russian Poland.

We may reasonably speculate—now the event is published and confirmed—as to why von Moltke is no longer Chief of Staff of the German Forces. This is surely an amazing case of changing horses in mid-stream. Von Moltke's name has always stood for German military method and science. His resignation at such a moment publishes to the world a deep division of counsel in the German camp. We must imagine a retirement of Lord Kitchener from the War Office or Lord Fisher from the Admiralty to estimate the remarkable significance and importance of this event. Von Moltke has outlived several Ministers of War. He has directed the arming of Germany for the last eight years. He is identified before the world with all the main features of German military policy. Are we to assume that in his Imperial Master's opinion this policy has failed? Or has there been some more particular difference of opinion? Certain it is that General von Moltke has not been superseded at this time for mere reasons of health. This is proved by the fact that already there is talk of finding him something else to do.

His successor is General von Falkenhayn. General von Falkenhayn had charge of the great Army Bill last year as Minister of War. He is one of the Kaiser's immediate court; and he has lately been in close attendance. It was General von Falkenhayn who worked out the Kaiser's plan of the attack upon Calais; and it is thought that we have here a key to the supersession of von Moltke. Moltke favoured an attempt to break through at Verdun, and he probably refused to be responsible for the Calais project. So far von Moltke has proved right in his estimate of the enormous difficulty of forcing the marshes of the Yser. It will be interesting to wait for fresh evidence of a new touch in the military policy of Germany.

While the German Press rejoices over the victory of the German fleet at Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough, the neutral world agrees on the whole with Mr. Churchill's description of the raid: "Whatever feats of arms the German Navy may hereafter perform the stigma of the baby-killers of Scarborough will brand its officers and men while sailors sail the seas". Even Mr. Hearst's journals, unfriendly to Great Britain, protest against this brutal deed. We are glad to have received fresh evidence of the fortitude and courage of the people attacked. There was clearly no panic under fire, and there has since been no sort of outcry or impatience that this raid should have been possible. The people of Hartlepool, Whitby, and Scarborough, like the public at large, have a perfect confidence in those who direct the Navy, and realise that to clamour for our shores to be made raid-proof, an impossible task, would be playing the German game.

The operation known as boxing the compass has surely been carried out within the past week or two in masterly style by the "Daily News". On 17 December this journal, writing of the German raid on Yorkshire, observed:—

"People will want to know how German ships could manage to find their way through our mine fields and past our patrols to our very coasts before being seen. No Englishman, knowing all that the Navy has achieved and is achieving, will want to press these questions unfairly; but certain conclusions seem plain. The mine field is an inadequate barrier; either there is not enough of it, or the enemy has an excellent intelligence service. Is our own intelligence department equally satisfactory?"

As to this, the enemy has indeed "an excellent intelligence department", as the "Daily News" has now discovered; and we trust that it will not in future pour anger and derision on those of us who try to induce Mr. McKenna to deal thoroughly with the signallers and dangerous aliens generally in this country. As to "our mine fields", does the "Daily News" speak with naval authority when it describes the German cruisers navigating these? We are not quite sure as to this point.

By 21 December the "Daily News" had apparently turned over more carefully in its mind the question of the cruisers reaching our shores through "our mine fields" unobserved somehow by careless or absent patrols or the unsatisfactory intelligence department; and no longer "wanted to know". On the contrary it observed loftily to all such inquiring landlubbers:—

"As soon as it was seen that the mine and the submarine made impracticable the old-fashioned blockade of the enemy's coast, students of naval matters understood that command of the sea did not imply the absolute impossibility of the German ships slipping out and perhaps discharging a few broadsides at a British port before making a hurried retreat".

The "scaremonger" of 17 December who "wants to know" about our patrols and intelligence department has become by 21 December the calm and confident believer in and lecturer on our complete naval efficiency.

Among the people who "want to know" about patrols, mine fields, and the conduct of the Navy generally we note Sir Walter Runciman, M.P. *Why*, asks Sir Walter Runciman, were the German ships allowed to come, and *why* were they not caught in going? We should have imagined a Liberal M.P. so influential as Sir Walter Runciman, M.P., had his special sources of information, and that he would have sought these before going out of his way to reproach the Navy. Sir Walter Runciman's outburst has given offence to the Navy. We have had a letter on the subject from a brilliant and high-placed officer in that great service. He suggests that Sir Walter Runciman should go to school and learn how the game of Tom Tiddler's ground is played. Surely the Government can persuade its own followers to refrain from belittling the Navy?

M. Viviani's speech to the Chamber ranks with Mr. Asquith's speech of November at the Guildhall. It is a splendid message for the New Year: "France, in accord with her Allies, will not lay down her arms until she has avenged outraged right, regained for ever the provinces ravished from her by force, restored to heroic Belgium the fulness of her material prosperity and her political independence, and broken Prussian militarism". Here is a declaration which, without inflation, declares a determination to fight to a victorious finish. All through M. Viviani's speech there is a sense of the effort and sacrifice this implies; but there is also the firm resolution to face the worst, "which turns the best to the brave".

No better message could be given to the British at this time than was given by Mr. Asquith lately in a speech at Adderley. This speech concluded with an appeal which must surely reach all those who have not already answered it unprompted. "At a time like this", said Mr. Asquith, "no one ought to shirk his duty. It is not possible for all of us to enlist in the Army and go to the Front; but it is possible for all of us, each in his own sphere, to contribute something to the success of the common cause". Everyone can and ought to bear a part. Probably the only thing which keeps many from helping in their own time and way is a feeling that they cannot or are not allowed to do enough. This is false sentiment and false reasoning. There are scores of useful ways of showing that in the present war the whole nation is pulling one way. There is the organising of relief. There is direct contribution. There is the helping to provide our soldiers with warm clothing and extra kit. There is the very valuable service of the distress committees. There are the Volunteer Training Corps all over the country. There is the providing of amusement, refreshment, and comfort for men who are making ready in camps and billets. There is work for everyone. "It is possible for all of us, each in his own sphere, to contribute something."

Great Britain is glad to welcome the evidence from Stockholm of a successful and cordial conference between the three kings. The Scandinavian kingdoms are concerned only to keep the peace of Northern Europe; and, as we said last week, they will be stronger for peace, now that they have agreed to share their counsels and work together. The question of their neutrality is mainly an economic question; so we are not surprised to hear that trade, international, and commercial matters were freely discussed. The complete success of the meeting is seen in the official announcement that fresh conferences will be held from time to time and that the three Governments will continue to keep in touch.

Here are the most significant sentences of the official minutes:—

The meeting of the three monarchs was inaugurated on Friday with a speech by King Gustaf, who, in alluding to the unanimous desire of the Kingdoms of the North to preserve their neu-

trality, pointed out how desirable would be limited cooperation between the Kingdoms for the safeguarding of common interests. Kings Haakon and Christian replied, both of them testifying their sincere joy at the initiative of King Gustaf by expressing their hopes that the conference would have good and happy results for the three peoples.

The conference terminated on the evening of 19 December. The deliberations between the monarchs and the Ministers for Foreign Affairs have not only still more consolidated the good relations already existing between the three Northern Kingdoms, but they have also enabled an agreement to be reached concerning the special questions which were raised by one side or the other.

It was finally agreed to pursue the cooperation so happily begun, and with this object to arrange, whenever circumstances should give occasion, fresh meetings between the representatives of the three Governments.

The British Protectorate in Egypt is now formally set up. Husein I. has made his State entry into the Abdin Palace and has exchanged telegrams with King George. His Cabinet is formed, and, above all, the new Sultan has declared his faith in Great Britain and in the future of Egypt. No one can read the declaration of Husein I. without realising that Egypt is now represented by a sincere, able and disinterested ruler. He clearly perceives and admits what Great Britain has done for Egypt and looks for the reason of slow progress and small results in the anomalous position of a people for whom three doors were open—the door of the Kedival Palace, the door of the British Agency, and the door of the Egyptian Government. The door is now closed whereby intrigue, corruption, and mischief most freely entered. So much is clearly gained. Great Britain will no longer have to regard herself as the trustee of a disloyal and an alien suzerain.

"I trust entirely in England and hope she trusts me. I have always dealt straightly: my past bears witness thereto. I have worked for good relations between Egypt and England." Husein I. then goes on to pay a fine tribute to the British and Australian troops now at Heliopolis: "The attitude of your officers and men has been perfect. There has been no swaggering and no sabre-rattling in their relations with the inhabitants of the country. If I can succeed in inspiring the people of Egypt with some of the civic spirit which the young nations of the British Empire have displayed I shall be content." The message ends with hope and faith, expressed with a great and simple dignity: "I believe there is a great future for my country. . . . Remember we have three great assets—the Nile, the Egyptian sun, and, above all, the Fellaheen who till the fruitful soil of Egypt." May we hope at last that the Fellaheen have found a ruler and an advocate?

The British Government has agreed to forego the right of searching at sea American vessels whose cargoes have been examined in port by British Consular officials. The British Government and the British public are most anxious to avoid harassing and delaying American trade in any way that can possibly be avoided. The American Government, by the entire correctness of its attitude as a neutral, has won every right to be most scrupulously and courteously respected by the belligerents. Great Britain cannot, of course, suspend her vigilant watch upon absolute or conditional contraband; nor does the American public expect or even desire that she should. Cases of dispute must necessarily arise; and these are being dealt with in a most frank and reasonable spirit on both sides.

All British and American people will welcome any arrangement that will tend to remove friction, and ease

the passage of American ships. So far there has been tact enough on the British side, with sense and imagination enough on the American, to soften the very reasonable irritation of American traders whose cargoes are delayed by search or actually brought into British ports. The difficult task of our Navy would, of course, be quite impossible were it not for the warm friendliness that has sprung up between the British and American people in these last months—a friendliness that naturally colours the formal and strictly neutral relations of the two Governments. International law is stuff out of which it is as easy to pick a quarrel as to avoid one. All depends on the temper of the parties; and there is happily no bad temper at this time between America and Great Britain.

Mr. Bonar Law, in his speech at Bootle this week, paid a fine tribute to the working classes in this war. He certainly did not set their conduct too high. The working man, on the whole, has proved himself to be made of strong, grand stuff. He has gone into the war in the same whole-hearted and unquestioning way that has marked the Canadians and the Australians. He has never given the least heed to the few envious and atrabilious spouters and writers who tried to secure him in the early days of the struggle. Few who have worked among and with average members of this class, town and country alike, during the past five months, will doubt that the man who earns anything from fifteen shillings to thirty shillings a week in this country sees the war through the eyes of single-minded, robust patriotism. The Labour M.P.'s in the House of Commons, moreover, have been working hard to get men for the new Armies. In particular, one may note the speeches of Mr. William Crooks, full of homely wit and warmth: they may well recall some of Mr. John Burns's raciest efforts in past days.

Those who desire to help our Forces or relieve distress will be well advised to contribute directly by subscription to some public fund. Decide what sum you can spare, and pay it with a single eye upon the object in view. This is economic and simple; and it injures no one. Direct charity is better than charity which competes with paid and professional industry.

We wish to draw special attention to the appeal of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This society is always doing noble work—work without which civilisation simply cannot exist. There is not the least taint of sentimentalism about the endeavours of this society, and none of sensationalism; and it is entirely efficient. We have often spoken of its services in peace; but in war time its scope is far greater. We would also call attention to the good work being done by the Church Army, which is providing recreation for the soldiers in our camps; also by the Belgian Field Hospital, supported by British money and worked by a British staff. Particulars of these appeals will be found on other pages of the REVIEW.

All over Italy notable demonstrations have occurred this past week or so—demonstrations obviously anti-Austrian. We do not comment on this matter politically because opinion is sensitive, and naturally so, in neutral countries: but perhaps we may say without offence that lately we have chanced upon these lines by a great poet, surely not inappropriate to the Italian demonstrations:

"Italia! by the passion of the pain
That bent and rent thy chain;
Italia! by the breaking of the bands
The shaking of the lands;
Beloved, O men's mother, O men's queen,
Arise, appear, be seen!
Arise, array thyself in manifold
Queen's raiment of wrought gold;
With girdles of green freedom".

The lines are Swinburne's.

LEADING ARTICLES.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

CHRISTMAS 1914 has surprised Europe as an armed camp. Its festivity and peace are everywhere clouded. The question must perpetually intrude—how shall we save the good cheer of Christmas 1914 from being false cheer?

How must the Christmas message read at this time? One thing, surely, is clear—a thing which may very fittingly be emphasised at this season. There is work for everyone to do. No one is so poor in ability or resource but that he or she can do something to help. The whole country is strained—and will be yet further strained—to meet enormous demands for money and work: for services and contributions of all kinds. The huge effort of this war will require good-will, the sacrifice of leisure and luxury from every member of the community. There can be very few who have not already realised this and who do not feel that a debt is due to the country from every British subject who has hitherto lived in comfort and peace. Those who cannot fight for their country can help in other ways; and most of them are helping. If there be any who from sluggish imagination or from too rigidly insisting upon the principle of leaving the country's business in the hands of the country's rulers and experts have not yet taken upon themselves a part of the general burden, we can be fairly sure that these are a very small minority. The British households where nothing is being done for the comfort of our soldiers or towards the security of the country are assuredly few. The newspapers witness to their rarity in recording the instant success of the many appeals, funds, public bodies, and organisations which the war has brought into being.

It is impossible to insist too strongly upon the duty of everyone to help according to ways and means—men and women as well. The extra and unnecessary blanket in the house is a reproach to those who have not yet been moved to expose themselves in imagination to feel what our men in the trenches feel and to "shake the superflux to them". Mufflers, warm socks and mittens—especially mittens, as the terrible frost bites of our invalided soldiers show—are still required at the front; and we are glad to record—a trivial fact, perhaps, but of some significance—that virtually all the women's periodical magazines and papers have issued special patterns and instructions for the knitting and making of all the articles most needed in our camps. These things are among the least that women can do. How much the women of Great Britain can, and have, more directly accomplished is shown in all the hospitals and homes where voluntary service is accepted, in the many able groups who are organising amusement, comfort, and medical help for the Services, or in the big country houses where convalescent soldiers or refugees are generously and gladly entertained.

Not everyone can offer the supreme service of all. Not all the men who are willing can be allowed to offer their lives, and not all the women will be called to lose their nearest companions. The more deeply must these others feel their immense indebtedness both to their country and to the men and women who are in peril of losing everything in its behalf. It is not conceivable that there should be anyone at this time who could endure to confess an absolute uselessness; who could endure to admit that the common cause had not been advanced in the smallest degree by his or her individual effort. We have found this feeling to be very strong in all classes. There is a general conviction that this war is an enterprise in which we must all personally share if we are to come through it with honour and success. The whole nation must act together so that, when our industries have been fully taxed to supply the needs of our troops and when the public services have been burdened to breaking by the necessary organising of our resources, or the making safe and ready of our supplies, or the vigilant guarding of the country against sudden and secret enemies—that then there may be a reserve of voluntary labour

to fall back on. Certainly no one who helps the authorities now with *anything immediately useful for the war* need fear of competing with deserving industries. The skilled labour of the country working at full stretch does not nearly suffice to keep our armies equipped and clothed.

People at home, if they needed urging to do their utmost at this time, could hardly remain cold to the splendid example of our colonies and dominions. The gifts and the services of the Empire already fill two closely printed White Papers. Without comment the reader finds here a schedule which embraces every part of the world and every kind of contribution, from the equipped armies of the Canadians and Australians, to the cocoa of Trinidad, the oranges of Jamaica, the sugar of Demarara, and the shilling head tax of the Basuto. When the King of the Basutos finds it intolerable, while the "King is engaged fighting his enemies", to "keep aloof" and do nothing at all, it would be surprising if our people at home neglected the smallest chance of public or private service. These small chances occur to everyone who is alert to catch them. The fear is that many who see they can only do a very little are inclined to doubt whether such a very little is worth doing. Will it appreciably swell the total sum? Let these doubters read the Imperial White Paper. There, it is true, they will find magnificent gifts, such as the hospital ship presented by the women of Canada and the £20,000 contribution of New Zealand to the Belgian Relief Fund. But they will also find that not the smallest colony has omitted to send a gift in money or kind. The feeling that the small gift is of small account is really not very creditable. It is a sort of inverted snobbery which must be crushed out at once. The thing that matters most in this war is the unity and pull of the whole nation in a common task. We cannot afford to snub the effort of the humblest helper and we cannot allow anyone to sulk in his tent because he wants to fight and is not eligible. There are a hundred ways of service between fighting the Germans and doing nothing at all.

These ways, as we have said, will speedily offer themselves to the willing. To take only two conspicuous movements towards doing the little that one can, there is the work of the special constable and the voluntary training of the numerous corps for home defence scattered through the country. The special constables in London alone are saving the country many thousands a year. Their duties are not agreeable. They are tedious. There is very little glamour or prestige in being a special constable—in waiting beside a gas-works or under a railway arch for four hours at a stretch. But the work is necessary, and it is done by volunteers. There is no better instance of quiet, serviceable work done by men who are unable to do more, but are willing to strain a nerve to do what they can. Then there are the Training Corps, now sweeping into their net over a million men. All these men by the terms of their adhesion are in the judgment of an impartial authority unfitted for immediate enlistment. Meantime they have adopted the general countersign of the time: they are doing what they can to get themselves organised and trained as a serviceable body of men. They hold themselves ready to be used in case of invasion or in the event of any emergency which puts the country in immediate peril or confronts the Government with an unexpected need. Here again is a way of service which some are inclined to reject because it does not rise to the merit of actual enlistment. That spirit is all wrong; and we think it is rapidly disappearing. The feeling is now almost universal that everyone can help, or, rather, that no one can resist helping.

We need only think for a moment of the picture which Great Britain would present if this were not so. We should have to imagine our heroic Army fighting and suffering for an indifferent and casual people, with the sure knowledge that an indifferent and casual people cannot win this war. Our soldiers will judge us by what we do, and we have to show them every minute of our lives that they and the

cause for which they are fighting are never out of our thoughts. We have to hearten them with the conviction that they are watched by a country proud of their splendid conduct, aware of its enormous debt, urgently moved to lighten their work and add to their well-being, scrupulous that no sacrifice which can do them some ease, or contribute in however slight a way to win their battles, shall be omitted. To this end it is necessary for everyone to realise that we all can help. Everyone, in a word, should be doing something.

HOME THOUGHTS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

OUR soldiers in the trenches and our sailors at sea—the thought of them has recurred again and again to everyone this week, cutting into the ritual of the season. Some of us will have tried to put together some sort of picture of the trenches and the ships—piecing out scraps of letters from the front and from the Grand Fleet with the more detailed descriptions of the eye-witnesses and chroniclers. But, however the picture comes or goes, the warm, persistent feeling remains of grateful admiration and solicitude, powerless to express itself in any really adequate way. When we have sent whatever gift we may and learned that all is as secure and comfortable this Christmas for our Army and Navy as it can well be in time of war, the sense of our indebtedness to our heroic soldiers and sailors, of the sacrifice and hardship to which they have consented, remains to make of this Christmas season a time especially consecrated to our absent defenders. This feeling is universal—though, of course, it will be especially keen in homes where relatives, distant or near, are actually missed from the circle. These homes are scattered up and down the country, to be found in every village and town, of all ranks and degrees. But not only in these homes will the great national gap be felt—the gap in our manhood that faces the enemy in Flanders or watches the sea, stripped and ready for action.

The feeling which the country has at this time for the soldiers and sailors, though it chastens all we do and sobers our merriment, need have nothing in it of dismal revolt or anger. We do not think there is anything incompatible between Christmas and the fight for honour in which our men are engaged. Christmas has always stood for more than comfort and well-being. Sacrifice, devotion, the will to suffer and to give, enter into the idea of Christmas, and uplift its merriment. It is true that Christmas stands for optimism, for the belief that peace and happiness are normal, and that war is a scourge; but the optimism of Christmas is not sentimental. It is a manly hopefulness, very necessary and very consonant in this time of war. We must admit there is irony in a Christmas which finds virtually one-half Europe encamped against the other half; but it is an irony too obvious to the sentimentalist to be accepted as very deep or significant. It is less likely to occur to the soldiers and sailors themselves, conscious and proud of the splendid work they are doing, than to people at home who allow themselves to be "sicklied o'er". Nor will the sense of irony be uppermost in homes where the fighter is missed. There will be anxiety, pride, and hope. Christmas does not tempt us in the least towards easy thoughts of peace and amnesty. Rather it points the necessity of fighting this fight to a finish, so that all we most cherish for ourselves and posterity may be victoriously justified. M. Viviani on Tuesday gave to the world the true Christmas message of France—a policy of endurance unto complete victory, which ranks with Mr. Asquith's early declaration at the Guildhall.

We imagine that Christmas in the trenches, if there be any respite there, will be divided between memories of home and stories of the deeds and hazards of the last five months. The splendid record will live again, with pride in its heroes and regret for the dead. And what a record! Charleroi, the retreat from Mons, the fight to save Calais—these great chapters of British military history will live again in the trenches this week, not in the form in which we have read of them—not in the brief, soldierly, and reticent despatches of

Sir John French—but in the reminiscences of the actors, who have full right to exult in the imperishable tale. With most of our sailors the Christmas spirit and the Christmas talk will be not so much reminiscent as eagerly expectant, though the e are ships, too, that already have a story. Of one thing we may be sure. Where Christmas is kept in the trenches or on the water the talk will be not of peace, but of war.

Similarly at home this is the time to insist again that the men to whom we owe the praise and whatever triumph comes out of this war are our soldiers and sailors—from Sir John French, Lord Kitchener, Sir John Jellicoe, and Lord Fisher down to the corporals, privates, and able seamen. If we are uninvaded to-day, or victorious to-morrow—if we have been able this week to keep the Christmas season within doors—that is due, not at all to the clever men of politics, letters, and finance, but to our skilled and heroic fighters by land and sea. We believe that the whole country is deeply sensible of this, and that, prompted by the season, every heart has gone out within these last few days, even more than in ordinary times, to the fighting men of Great Britain. We have all found time this Christmas to be proud of our Army and Navy, to wish them ease and good fortune, to think continually of the way they are faring, of the great things they have already accomplished, and of the stern task which confronts them in the New Year.

THE NEW POSITION IN EGYPT.

HERODOTUS described Egypt as a land of paradox, and he has seldom been disputed. But it would be too great a paradox for Great Britain now to administer Egypt as a province of the Ottoman Empire—as trustee, so to speak, for her enemy in the field. Great Britain has been compelled to declare a Protectorate in Egypt and to annex the island of Cyprus. Thus the last vestiges of Turkish power have vanished from Africa and the Mediterranean.

The new régime has begun well. The late Khedive, whose loyalty has been doubtful for some years, and whose character was otherwise not above reproach, has flitted habitually between Constantinople, Vienna, and Berlin. His people will not regret his permanent absence. The proclamation of a British Protectorate has been received with a quiet satisfaction more convincing than loud enthusiasm, and the new Sultan starts his reign with an affirmation of trust in Great Britain. Not the slightest sign has appeared of that spirit of discontent which German intriguers did so much to foment, and which they hoped to provoke to a general mutiny. The Berlin Press is again returning to the prospects of rebellion in Egypt, predicting that the vulnerable point in England's armour, through which the death-blow to the British Empire is to be given, is on the banks of the Nile. But we can estimate these prophecies at their true worth.

The present peaceful revolution finally abolishes a system of government as complicated and contradictory as any State has ever seen, in which the real ruler's authority was disguised, and often disputed, under the inferior title of Consul-General, while the nominal autocrat's power was confined to the receipt of a tribute that was mortgaged to alien creditors. On general principles it is a good thing to have got that absurdity out of the way; but apart from that the extraordinary constitutional, judicial, and financial muddles that grew up in the nineteenth century in a State made bankrupt by its own Khedive and preyed upon by foreign concessionaires, will take some time to straighten out. Sir Arthur McMahon's post is not a sinecure.

It is too soon yet to discuss the changes of administrative detail that will follow naturally on the repudiation of Ottoman suzerainty; but it is at this moment worth noticing that Egypt at the last has added one more paradox to her long history. Many Continental statesmen have plotted for Egypt, and fought for Egypt; Great Britain alone has refused Egypt, and now Great Britain is finally responsible for Egypt. Napo-

leon invaded that rich centre of the world's highway from East to West, holding Egypt while he projected the invasion of India. A century later Germany also thought to have forced her power on Egypt by devious ways, and it was only this year that German agents were detected stalking the country in native dress—German spies would have intrigued the very desert had they been ordered from Berlin. When the history of this time comes to be written, the expectations of Germany in Egypt will fill a curious chapter of subterranean diplomacy.

England, on the other hand, has struggled against destiny for a hundred years. She had the same interest as Napoleon in Egypt as the half-way house to India. She turned Napoleon out of Egypt, but did not take it. She took that other half-way house, the Cape, instead. In old Dutch phrase, Cape Town was the frontier fortress of India; but about the forties of last century, when north-east Africa began to supplant south-west Africa as the key to the East, England expanded in South Africa and held steadily aloof from Egypt. Kinglake prophesied that the time would come when "the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, would plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile". A Russian Czar advised a British Cabinet to establish its influence in Egypt. Neither prophecy nor advice was heeded; and now both have been justified.

By a curious irony of history, both the beginning and the end of the prophecy have been fulfilled by Liberal Governments opposed to overseas adventure. Gladstone's intervention in Egypt in 1882 was unwilling and indecisive, and many of the troubles of that early period—to say nothing of the blot of Gordon's death—were due to the hesitant policy which he pursued. A more decided attitude on the part of Gladstone and the dilatory Granville might have saved many diplomatic wrangles over Egypt in Europe; but Gladstone would not face the responsibility of his own act. The intervention of England was publicly declared a temporary and transitory phase, like the occupation of Malta two generations before. But Gladstone, the prophet was wiser than Gladstone the politician. Five years before he had made the first irrevocable step in Egypt, he had written in a monthly review that "Our first site in Egypt, be it by larceny or be it by emption, will be the almost certain egg of a North African Empire, that will grow and grow till we finally join hands across the Equator with Natal and Cape Town". Gladstone's indecision may be condemned, but his sincerity cannot be disputed. He opposed intervention till the last moment. He repudiated its logical consequences and involved himself in far worse difficulties. But after thirty-four years his prophecy is nearly fulfilled. Except for the strip of East Africa that Germany still holds precariously, the British Empire has joined hands across the continent from Cape to Cairo. The forces that have made for responsibility have been too strong for the statesmen who opposed them.

It was this nervousness of responsibility that was largely answerable for our early diplomatic blunders in Egypt, a record best forgotten. Judged by those blunders we should have deserved little respect from the Egyptians, and obtained less. Happily, however, it is not upon the follies of Granville that our reputation depends; but upon the solid constructive work of Lord Cromer and Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener, the three men who have built up modern Egypt on a new foundation, rescued it from the wholesale financial collapse that seemed inevitable in the eighties, and worked for its future against ignorant and interested opposition.

A few years back there was considerable internal commotion and sedition in Egypt, which German agents had some hand in spreading. It made headway in the vernacular press, and was followed with more attention abroad than in Egypt. It affected a mild constitutional disguise to secure support in England. We must hope that now that phase of

unrest has passed away; and that the optimism of Lord Cromer, whose last words before he left Egypt were: "I believe it to be the fact that the children of the blind are able to see", is justified. The international position is excellent. With the two other North African Powers our relations are those of an ally with the one and a neutral with the other. The revision of spheres which will become necessary between the three after the war will be secured by amicable agreement between England, France, and Italy.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 21) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

IT should be within the bounds of reason to assert that between Entente Powers a freemasonry of literature in the form of White Papers or Yellow Papers which bear upon the common question of military preparations for war should exist. The more so should the question of mutual agreement upon a question of defence against aggression be defined and accepted. The publication of the French Yellow Book is something more than a sad commentary upon the sorry gamble with the security of our Empire which those entrusted with its safeguarding have indulged in for past years. As a soldier I leave experts to deal with the political volcano the existence of which the author of the Yellow Book must have made known to the *confrères* of the Entente. A soldier who dabbles in politics will soon find himself in a hive of microbes, for the diseases of politics are many and beyond the ken of military hygiene. When, on the conclusion of this war, the day of judgment discloses or attempts to unravel the whole story of the unpreparedness of the nation for meeting the massive force of aggression which has threatened it for so many years, it will be interesting to hear how much was disclosed to and how much was withheld from the Committee of Imperial Defence by those responsible for the direction of the foreign policy of the country, especially in relation to the matter of mutual inter-defence with Entente Powers. We have, or ought to have, serving on the Committee the best brains of the nation and the clearest intellects of the armed services of the Crown; but wilful self-blindness has never been one of the crimes which soldiers or sailors have committed. Their code of honour forbids them to see and act in any but a straightforward manner. Shall we ever read of the protests of these high military authorities against the wanton neglect by their co-members on this Committee of the grave warnings which the French Yellow Book discloses? Much as we may condemn the cold-blooded deliberation with which Germany has prepared for this war as outlined in the correspondence under review, yet the puny efforts which our rulers made to meet the certainty of war must for ever bear the stamp of self-condemnation. Maybe the time-honoured satisfaction to the nation of "taking the Navy for granted" sufficed for the war policy of our rulers; but who in the name of common sense can read the calm intention of the German War Staff, as related in the Yellow Book, and imagine that a Navy, however powerful, however handy, is capable of sailing up the canals of Flanders or among the valleys and hills of the Ardennes to carry out the military project of maintaining the neutrality of countries under the seal of England's guarantee. We are, of course, justly proud of our Navy. We hope to see it do wonders. It has a splendid tradition to live up to. But it would be wicked to continue to base our entire military policy for the future upon taking the Navy for granted as sufficient for the purpose. Twice within this century have we been driven to create armies during a war, whereas the organisation and creation of armies is to common-sense people the work of peace. After the whole year's warning which our rulers received as disclosed in the French Yellow Book, the nation will surely invoke the services of a hangman when we have fought out this fight to a finish and apportioned the

blame on the shoulders of those responsible for ignoring even ordinary precaution.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

A lull in the war storm apparently at present obtains throughout the long line of trenches from the Channel to the frontier of Switzerland. Desultory attacks from the enemy will be made either to conceal movement elsewhere or hold their opponents to the ground. The opposing forces in places move like an old-time dance, six steps forward, four steps back, but on the whole it may be characterised by the military term of "marking time".

Both sides, German and Allied, have learnt much from a four-months' contest. We have but to take the best of the German system, add it to the best of our own, and we shall in the end be victors. We are getting teachers hot from the front, with lessons from them that before long we may hope to see put to the test of war in the hands of the splendid material we have in the fashioning. Our existing manuals of training are sound in principle, and have shown themselves as such and of proved value in war; but new problems have arisen, the result of new and improved developments in the mechanism of war that give rise to counterthought. The surprise of the war to the Allied Forces in the western theatre has been the importance given by the Germans to artillery and machine-gun work. The huge-calibre guns and howitzers that have been brought into the field and the number of machine guns effectively disposed and actively worked was the unexpected feature that, in addition to superiority of numbers at decisive points, led to the initial successes of their arms. These guns have been described by me and tabulated in a former letter, but it is a mistake to suppose that their nature was unbeknown to the private manufacturers of war material in our country. Manufacturers of all material borrow or exchange ideas, and private ordnance factories learn of novelties and improvements from each other by means which government factories cannot employ. Lesser Powers come to the large European ordnance and warship factories for advice as to how to go one better than a suspicious neighbour in the nature of the power of doing harm. Tenders for such war material are often open to the world, and plans and specifications of ordnance and ships become more than private property. We shall one day discover whether our army had any right to be taken by surprise by the huge size and quantity of metal that was discharged upon it at its first encounter. We may take comfort, however. Time and hard work in factory day and night will ere long put us upon equal terms. Where the German has failed is in relying too much upon the technical aids in the fire fight; to subordinating the infantry action to the artillery and machine-gun action. Thanks mainly to the gallant Field-Marshal that we laid to rest last month, we have been taught that the dominant factor in battle is the rifle, and in the training to perfection of the individual wielder of the personal weapon lies the sure road to victory. The energies of the German have been concentrated on trying to smash with gunfire the infantry trenches, and with that the *moral* of the infantry. The basis of *moral* is discipline, perhaps the most important factor in war that goes for victory. The longer that home discipline as learnt in peace can be maintained in war the stronger and more capable will be an army. You cannot have too strict a discipline in war, not only in the conduct of men towards their superiors, but also to the inhabitants of the country in which the operations are being carried out. Discipline in the ranks is the parent of camp discipline, sanitary discipline, barrack discipline, march discipline, leading up to battle discipline, where alone the control and direction of fire points to success at the minimum of cost to *personnel* of an army, and to the relief of that most difficult and onerous of tasks, the supply of fuel for the fire fight. When we are ready to put our new armies into the field equipped with discipline and *moral* they will be found reinforced with the assistance of the smashing gunfire that our brave men have so far withstood and now somewhat despise. Opposed to

them will be found numbers, but numbers with a *moral* shaken by repeated reverse and weakened by loss of officers and with a fire effect restrained in volume owing to previous pure wastage of ammunition. No enemy to despise, in spite of their previous shakings, but one which once he is put upon the run must at all hazards be kept upon his legs until the question of ultimate victory is placed beyond all doubt. It would be unwise to undertake prematurely the next forward step. Let the enemy, if he so will, continue his attacks, which daily seem to meet with failure. He does so with his improvised units, and their non-success is the best evidence of lack of training and comparative lack of discipline. Let our raw material profit by the errors of their future foes and exercise patience before being loosed from the leash at which they are straining.

No better lesson on this matter has been afforded than in the attempt in October last of the Germans to beat down the Russian advance in Poland with inferior second line troops. Quickly realising the error, von Hindenburg rallied his armies behind the frontier, reinforced them with army corps of first line troops, and has thrust back his enemy almost to the gates of Warsaw. We learn a somewhat similar lesson from the operations on the Danube. The German General Staff, which controls the Austro-Hungarian army, rightly gauging the strategic necessity of a vigorous blow at the Russian armies in South Poland converging on Cracow, halts the armies of its ally when in the moment of victory across the Danube, and rapidly transfers the bulk of the first line troops to the confines of Southern Poland, where their presence makes itself felt at once. The gallant Serb, however, seizes his opportunity and hurls back the weakened adversary over his own frontier, having nothing but Honved troops to deal with. But Serbs are veterans in war.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

"VENUS AND ADONIS" AND THE EARLIER SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

By JUDGE EVANS.

LATE as it is in the day of Shakespearean research and voluminous disquisitions, Shakespeare the man and Shakespeare the writer present still a multitude of unsolved problems. Nowhere is this more evident than in the explanations which have been given from time to time of the poet's sonnets. The mystery which surrounds them has brought many writers into the field, and I do not propose in these remarks to do more than make a few observations with reference to the origin of the much debated earlier sonnets.

No one who compares the early poetry of Shakespeare—i.e., so much as was published before the close of the sixteenth century—with the phrasing and motive apparent in the earlier sonnets can fail to be struck by the evidence they afford of a continuity of thought running through them. How far is such continuity consistent with the theory that the person addressed in the first seventeen sonnets is as mythical as the Adonis of the poems?

Nothing in the beautiful mythology of Greece appears to have exercised a greater influence upon the imagination of the youthful Shakespeare than the episode of Venus and Adonis, and it is doubtful whether any of the poet's writings afford a better clue to the solution of some of the problems raised by sonnets I. to XVII. than his treatment of that episode. "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593; five editions appeared before the end of 1602. The medley of poems entitled "The Passionate Pilgrim" was published in 1599, just before the appearance of the 4th edition of "Venus and Adonis". This poem is of special interest, as it contains several poetical summaries of the Venus and Adonis episode, a proof of its influence upon the poet's mind.

The sonnets were written between 1592 and 1609. To solve all the riddles they present is a hopeless task.

There are too few reliable facts at hand for a complete solution. To assume that the series of numbered sonnets are a connected whole, that they are without exception the outpouring of the poet's heart and addressed to a real or living person, or that they are always a manifestation of his actual feelings, his love, his ambitions, his folly, his strength, and his weakness, and are never the poetical vapourings of a youthful genius or trial sketches for another work, may lead to quite erroneous conclusions. The attitude towards life of the immature Shakespeare, the Shakespeare of the earlier sonnets, was based upon the conception that Beauty was a mutable thing, always fleeting and wasting away and to be preserved by reproduction. Thus in "Venus and Adonis" he sings:—

"Make use of time, let not advantage slip:
Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot, and consume themselves in little time."

"Venus and Adonis", "the first heir of my invention", appeared in 1595. But to assume that certain of the sonnets had been written before that date is a justifiable assumption.

In dealing with the subject of "Venus and Adonis" Shakespeare had in his mind an importunate Venus and an unimpressible Adonis, cold and beautiful. The arguments the goddess uses to soften and win him are similar in scope and expression to those used in many of the sonnets. There, too, they are used with the object of prevailing upon an unnamed Adonis to abandon his single life and his neglect of the feminine charm. What conclusion affecting the point at issue should or may be drawn from a comparison of these works? There may be one or two:—

(1) That Shakespeare carried out the main argumentation and persuading part of his classical poem into a series of seventeen sonnets in which an unnamed and mythical or merely imagined Venus addresses another and imaginary Adonis, or

(2) That those sonnets were preliminary sketches for the poem itself.

The connection in idea and expression in the poem and these sonnets is close and intimate, and it would be hazardous to assume, in the absence of good grounds for the statement, that a poet whose imaginative, mental and literary power was of Shakespearean quality would address any living person in second-hand terms—i.e., in the phrases he had used with reference to the actors in a mythological interlude. Compare the following extracts from "Venus and Adonis" with those that follow the sonnets, and it will be apparent how continuous was the line of thought:—

(1) From "Venus and Adonis":

Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot, and consume themselves in little time. (xxiii)

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook. (xxviii)

Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse,
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty. (xxix)

Upon the Earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the Earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead.
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness shall be left alive. (xxx)

Art thou a woman's son and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so hard a mind
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind. (xxxiv)

Thrice fairer than myself, thus she began,
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man. (iii)

(2) From the sonnets:

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decay,
His tender heir might bear his memory. (i)

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be. (iv)

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another.

Who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity? (iii)

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee. (x)

If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away. (xi)

You had a father: let your son say so. (xiii)

Many other instances might be cited from the sonnets, e.g.:

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy? (iv)

With the eighteenth sonnet new streams of thought come in and the dominant note of "Venus and Adonis" is wanting. The theme is no longer the pleading of an imaginary character; no longer imaginary passages between Venus and Adonis occupy the poet. Hitherto he has been "mewing his mighty youth" and exercising his powers more or less upon the theme of his first invention. Now he turns to the problems of life that concern himself, problems of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and in his circumscribed poems of fourteen lines opens up thoughts so pregnant and profound as to be worthy of the dramatist who could go beyond the reaches of our souls.

PIG-CHEER.

By BISHOP FRODSHAM.

THEY are killing a pig in the village this morning—the first of many that must die this Christmas. Shrieking complaints against hard fate can be heard mingling with the harsher cries of the rooks. The rooks had their pogrom in May, but it has been forgotten, and now they are not altogether uninterested in the tragic happenings in the garth. For the pig concerned the writer feels a huge pity. Everything is so contrary to his past experience. He never had to fend for his food as the feathered folk do. He has been pampered all his life. Familiar hands have ministered to his gastronomic needs more and more plentifully. Farther and farther yet he had snuggled into the warm straw to sleep away the melancholy days of winter. The sty was his little world in which he dwelt secure. But suddenly, at an hour that he dreamed not of, destruction fell upon him. The foundations of his world are out of course. Rough hands have dragged him forth, and are now preparing him for the last experience of life. Little wonder that the air is rent by his unavailing protests against the exceeding bitterness of his lot.

There is a story told of an aged farmer in the neighbourhood who once showed a glimmering appreciation of these tragic happenings—at least, in the aggregate. A stern vegetarian once propounded to him the awful situation in which he would find himself on the Judgment Day, when confronted by a long row of the oxen whose flesh he had eaten. The old man put aside the picture in place of another still more terrible. "Taint the beasts I'd be scared on", he remarked, "it's the pigs. I've yetten a sight o' pigs." He was probably unmanned, for the moment, by market day, for a North Lincolnshire farmer would never think, in ordinary times, of wasting any pity on pigs. Pigs are appointed to be slain, and probably his more sober judgment would be that they "noan do soa badly i' their time". Indeed, another old local worthy, whose sturdy years have reached almost fourscore and ten, spoke last week as though the crowning sorrow of his life was this: "Somehow I can't yeat so much bacon as I ust".

Pigs occupy a large space on the village horizon throughout the whole year. It has been said that a new form of salutation has arisen in Germany since the war. It relates to the future perdition of the English. Here the greetings in the market-place frequently take this laconic form: "How's pigs?" It is not a question affecting alone the farmer nor the "pig jobber", as the middleman is called. Does Mr. Lloyd George realise the extent in which pigs affect the question of agricultural wages in some parts of the country? All honour be to anyone who aims at righting wrongs, and at bringing the manhood and womanhood of the country back to the land. The land is a better nursery for strong limbs and deep breasts than the town streets can ever be, even though these may lead to enthralling professional football matches by day, and to picture shows at night. But the man now on the land is not always so badly off as it is the custom for perfervid political orators to assume. Look, for instance, at this village. At first sight the wages seem shockingly low to those who assess the conditions of the farm in the terms of the cotton mill. They vary from 12s. 8d. to 18s. per week! But the farm hands have cottages free—not the hovels that stirred Charles Kingsley to righteous wrath, but comfortable homes with gardens and orchards attached. There is a good water supply, largely due to the Squire's public spirit, free to all. And, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain, similar conditions prevail throughout the county. The old things are passing away, if they have not already done so. And it is a good thing, too. The conditions of the old folk sixty years ago were very different from that of the younger generation. As the great headmaster of Uppingham said, in another connection, if people are housed like pigs they cannot be blamed if their lives approximate thereto. Now the danger is that reformers who do not understand rural conditions, in their desire to make the lot of the farm labourer like that of the townsman, may make the economic condition of the labourer less desirable from his own point of view, and at the same time rob the country of one industry at least where there is a real community of interest between master and men.

In the village, in addition to the nominal wages in silver, there are many payments in kind. The labourers can get milk free. The price to others in the village is 3d. per quart. They each get an annual proportion of the potatoes grown on the farm, four bags of a hundredweight each, or four rows of the farmer's potato field. They have coals, carted free, at wholesale price. They have extra wages at harvest and at sheep dipping and clipping time. In the case of the shepherd, there is a bonus at lambing-tide. Moreover, and this is the point, to every man there is appointed a pig. This pig is fed not by the labouring men, but by the farmer's garthman and at the farmer's cost. This does not end the farmer's responsibility. Each pig is computed to scale thirty stones' weight when killed. If the weight is more, the farmer claims the overplus; if less, he pays for the shortage in cash and at current rates. Before the war bacon cost, locally, six shillings a stone; now it is eight shillings or more. But whatever the cost, 420 pounds of bacon per year is no despicable addition to any man's income, and there are other things besides.

As December approaches the styes become great centres of attraction on Sunday afternoons. The visitors look forward with almost Teutonic eagerness to "the day", and for one pig "the day" has dawned. His plaints have already died away. To-night he will be scoured and "sorted out". To-morrow will begin the hospitable ritual connected with his demise. First, some pig fry must be distributed. This consists of a little liver, a little lean pork, some midgen (anglice, fat from the stomach), and a few slices of kidney. *A la rigueur*, this must not be put in a basket, nor wrapped in a napkin. It must be set out upon a plate and covered with a piece of skin, called, locally, the "apron". It is a foretaste of a more generous gift

known in Lincolnshire by the attractive old-English name of pig-cheer. Pig-cheer varies according to the generosity of the donor, and to the closeness of the friendship the gift implies. A good basket of pig-cheer means a pork-pie, a link of sausages, a piece of uncooked spare-rib, or chine, a mould of brawn, some scraps of leaf fat, a mince-pie or two, and some "ducks" or "harslets"—the former being minced meat cooked with sage and onions, the latter savoury scraps of pork fried and allowed to cool. Here is a dainty basket to set before a village epicure! Yet there is more to come. Weeks before the event of to-day invitations have been issued by word of mouth to the "pig-feast", which takes place automatically on the Sunday afternoon after the pig is killed, in the owner's kitchen or parlour. Then the table groans with cold pig in many forms, and all will be washed down with Homeric draughts, not of mead, but of tea. Pig-cheer is an offering of friendship and goodwill. There will not be a solitary house in the village where a couple or more of these gifts will not find their way. The poor are seldom "near" with one another, and the labourer's wife would feel herself disgraced if she broke the canons of hospitality and kept her pig to cheer her own fireside alone. The north country farmer, too, is a hard man to bargain with, but he is no churlish Nabal to ask, "Shall I then take my flesh that I have killed for my shearers and give it to men whom I know not whence they be?"

During the past few weeks a wholly new thing has happened. A family of refugees has come into the gardener's cottage. They, too, are simple country folk, who suffered unutterable things before they found their way to sanctuary. It might reasonably have been expected that they would have been filled with hatred now against the Germans. On the contrary, there is no bitterness. They relate in dull tones how they were driven to and fro, as though they were speaking of some unreasoning brute force. When at last they reached the village the woman broke down completely. For two days she crouched over the fire weeping. Then she kirtled up her skirts and set to work to swill the cottage yard. The simple duty seemed to have the same effect that "washing herself" has upon a cat, and the woman became at home. To-morrow night a plate of pig-fry will be handed in at the cottage door. The man will say "tank". It is the one word of English he thinks that he knows, and he is inordinately proud of this rudimentary gift of tongues. Other offerings will follow, but what will be done with them the villagers cannot think. The prevailing opinion appears to be that "them furniners doesn't know what to do with a bit o' good meat. They cuts it all up for soup like." Pig-cheer will be given to the Belgians all the same. And so it may happen that the pig, whose vociferous laments have ceased for ever, will be dignified as a means whereby some simple cottage folk, at this sad Christmastide, will render liegeman's service to Him Who said: "I was a stranger and ye took me in: I was hungry and ye gave me meat".

THE DANCE AND WAR.

BY LADY FRAZER.

THERE will be little dancing at this season of Christmas. Did not the Mayor of Ghent lately forbid music to be performed and public balls to be held, as being unsuited to the gravity of the situation. This prohibition was natural enough to the modern mind, but it was not always so; for our thoughts, busy as they were with plucky Belgium, reverted to Brussels on the eve of Waterloo and to the description of the Duchess of Richmond's ball. We read that Wellington had just heard of the sharp action at Charleroi and had hastily despatched orders to the troops to concentrate at Quatre-Bras—and yet he dressed and attended the brilliant function of the Duchess and neither from his undisturbed face nor

from his calm manner did anyone guess how grave was the situation.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell."

The dance and war have been ever intimately associated. Dancing feet follow the rhythm of our heart-beats, for the dance is the supreme interpreter of emotion. In this later age we have learned to forget this, and to associate the dance merely with the crowded ball-room or the dazzling operatic stage. In France dances were held under the guillotine, and even before the scaffold was erected. Does not Carlyle tell us that, as the Bastille was being stormed, "High-rouged dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar officers"? Possibly Carlyle meant to point out the levity of the act, but to the student of the history of dancing it tells another tale: it is merely the supreme expression of emotion at a supreme moment.

In ancient times mourning rites were commonly accompanied by dances, in which the drum's low beat echoed the sadness of those who were bereaved. To-day in Spain, a country which clings fast to its old customs, the funeral *jota* is danced before or after the intombing; all through North-Eastern Europe, which just now is fighting for its very life, sacred mourning dances are common, and, if only we could know it, they are probably held now as an expression of religious feeling, a sacred rite, as of old, a dumb prayer. Dancing and religion are also intimately associated: we remember how (in Gladstone's words) "the young Greek joins the dance in the festivals of religion, the maiden's hand upon his wrist and the gilded knife glancing from his belt, as they course from point to point or wheel in round on round". And we have it on Professor Herbert Giles's authority that the Chinese Emperor Yao ordered the Han-chi-ch dance for the enjoyment of God.

Sacred trance and sacred frenzy have been frequently brought about by the dance; our biblical prophets are said to have danced till they were in that state of ecstasy which urged them to predictions. The Eastern dervishes of to-day follow the same plan. Dances were also held and are still held, as a preparation for war, not only as a physical drill, but as tending to produce a martial spirit. Was not Athena called Pallas because of her predilection for armed dances? And many of the gods—Dionysos, Arès, etc.—were called dancers. The dance was supposed to give strength and beauty to the warriors; therefore the Pyrrhic, of which we have many survivals, notably in the Baccu-ber of Burgundy, was practised before and after battle. Jumping to courage is a common event amongst savages, a kind of intoxication of valour, and endless examples could be given from Togoland to Australia; jumping to sanctity is quite as common, not only amongst primitive people, but amongst Europeans of to-day. The Cathedral of Seville has its dances before the Holy Sacrament, and the pilgrims of the Duchy of Luxemburg went through their solemn annual dancing procession at Echternach only a few weeks before the country was invaded.

I wonder if all the recent revival of Morris dancing in our own country confirms the saying: "Coming events cast their shadow before". There was once upon a time a lady in "Punch" who did not know who Mr. Morris was, but that was a very old lady and very long ago. Now, thanks to Mr. Cecil

Sharp and the Espérance Clubs, we all have seen Morris dancers, but we may not all know that this dance represents courage and virtue—every scout boy who practises the Morris ought to understand that he dances out the valour of his father and the virtues of his mother. It is notable that in this good old English dance the foot is never brought back, and this is supposed to mean that an Englishman must never retreat. Ancient as is the Morris dance, the sword dance is older still: it was first practised in North Britain in the dark ages when pirates desecrated churches and ill-treated maidens—times which we would have almost forgotten did we not now, during these hours of terror, hear of similar practices. Let us remember that there is a British sword dance, in which the final figure consists in making a knot with the weapons: this dance has been revived and taught at Stratford-on-Avon quite lately; it has all through been kept up by our coast folk, who will now tell, if needs be, to the modern Corsairs who threaten us, and whom we may charitably suppose to be seized with a fit of Tarantismus, "as you pipe so I must dance", and show them that the star of steel is not yet set in England.

"And let us do it with no show of fear,
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun Morris Dance."

WHY THE MILKMAN SHUDDERS WHEN HE PERCEIVES THE DAWN.

By LORD DUNSANY.

IN the Hall of the Ancient Company of Milkmen, round the great fireplace at the end, when the winter logs are burning and all the craft are assembled, they tell to-day, as their grandfathers told before them, why milkmen shudder when they perceive the dawn.

When dawn comes creeping over the edges of hills, peers through the tree trunks, making wonderful shadows, touches the tops of tall columns of smoke going up from awakening cottages in the valleys and breaks all golden over Kentish fields, when going on tip-toe thence it comes to the walls of London and slips all shyly up those gloomy streets, the milkman perceives it and shudders.

A man may be a milkman's working apprentice, may know what borax is, and how to mix it, yet not for that is the story told to him. There are five men alone that tell that story, five men appointed by the Master of the Company, by whom each place is filled as it falls vacant, and if you do not hear it from one of them you hear the story from none, and so can never know why the milkman shudders when he perceives the dawn.

It is the way of one of these five men, greybeards all and milkmen from infancy, to rub his hands by the fire when the great logs burn, and to settle himself more easily in his chair, perhaps to sip some drink far other than milk, then to look round to see that none are there to whom it would not be fitting the tale should be told, and looking from face to face and seeing none but the men of the Ancient Company, and questioning mutely the rest of the five with his eyes, if some of the five be there, and receiving their permission, to cough and to tell the tale. And a great hush falls in the Hall of the Ancient Company, and something about the shape of the roof and the rafters makes the tale resonant all down the hall, so that the youngest hears it far away from the fire, and knows, and dreams of the day when perhaps he will tell himself why the milkman shudders when he perceives the dawn.

Not as one tells some casual fact is it told, nor is it commented on from man to man, but is told by that great fire only and when the occasion and the stillness of the room and the merit of the wine and the profit

of all seem to warrant it in the opinion of the five deputed men: then does one of them tell it, as I have said, not heralded by any master of ceremonies but as though it arose out of the warmth of the fire before which his knotted hands would chance to be; not a thing learned by rote, but told differently by each teller, and differently according to his mood; yet never has one of them dared to alter its salient points, there is none so base among the Company of Milkmen. The Company of Powderers for the Face know of this story and have envied it, the Worthy Company of Chin-Barbers, and the Company of Whiskerers; but none have heard it in the Milkmen's Hall, through whose walls no rumour of the secret goes; and, though they have invented tales of their own, Antiquity mocks them.

This mellow story was ripe with honourable years when milkmen wore beaver hats, its origin was still mysterious when white smocks were the vogue, men asked one another when Stuarts were on the throne (and only the Ancient Company knew the answer) why the milkman shudders when he perceives the dawn. It is all for envy of this tale's reputation that the Company of Powderers for the Face have invented the tale that they too tell of an evening, "Why the Dog Barks when he hears the step of the Baker"; and because probably all men know that tale the Company of Powderers for the Face have dared to consider it famous. Yet it lacks mystery and is not ancient, is not fortified with classical allusion, does not teach wisdom, has no secret lore, is common to all who care for an idle tale, and shares with "The Wars of the Elves", the calf-butchers' tale, and "The Story of the Unicorn and the Rose", which is the tale of the Company of Horse-drivers, their obvious inferiority.

But unlike all these tales so new to time, and many another that the last two centuries tell, the tale that the milkmen tell ripples wisely on, so full of quotation from the profoundest writers, so full of recondite allusion, so deeply tinged with all the wisdom of man and instructive with the experience of all times, that they that hear it in the Milkmen's Hall, as they interpret allusion after allusion and trace obscure quotation, lose idle curiosity and forget to question why the milkman shudders when he perceives the dawn.

You also, O my reader, give not yourself up to curiosity. Consider of how many it is the bane. Would you to gratify this tear away the mystery from the Milkmen's Hall and wrong the Ancient Company of Milkmen? Would they, if all the world knew it and it became a common thing, tell that tale any more that they have told for the last four hundred years? Rather a silence would settle upon their hall and a universal regret for the ancient tale and the ancient winter evenings. And though curiosity were a proper consideration yet even then this is not the proper place nor this the proper occasion for the tale. For the proper place is only the Milkmen's Hall and the proper occasion only when logs burn well and when wine has been deeply drunken; then, when the candles were burning well in long rows down to the dimness, down to the darkness and mystery that lie at the end of the hall; then, were you one of the Company and were I one of the five, would I rise from my seat by the fireside and tell you, with all the embellishments that it has gleaned from the ages, that story that is the heirloom of the milkmen. And the long candles would burn lower and lower and gutter and gutter away till they liquefied in their sockets, and draughts would blow from the shadowy end of the hall stronger and stronger till the shadows came after them, and still I would hold you with that treasured story, not by any wit of mine, but all for the sake of its glamour and the times out of which it came; one by one the candles would flare and die, and when all were gone, by the light of ominous sparks, when each milkman's face looks fearful to his fellow, you would know, as now you cannot, why the milkman shudders when he perceives the dawn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Washington, D.C.

SIR,—Being on a certain professional list numbering some thousands, we still receive circulars and other postal matter from European colleagues in general—not so many as before the strenuous weeks of this season, but enough to compare pretty fairly. The Englishmen deal with business, and do not argue about the war nor offer evidence. The same is true of the few communications from their Allies, barring a slight natural touch of patriotic affection in one letter telling us that a certain client had gone to the Front. The neutrals—for example, Italy and Denmark—deal a little more fully with conditions than most of the above, naturally improving an opportunity to divert currents their own way; but they are not propagandists of any cause, but plainly as solicitous not to be "un-neutral" as even our excellent President.

But the Germans—well, those who do not act as though under orders, or some powerful inner impulsion to defend and assail and make converts, are in a lonesome minority. One firm has heaped German war newspapers upon us, archaic as to headlines, but emphatic enough to please the Kaiser; and beyond those headlines one did not try to read. Then from another quarter, conveying professional data of the usual sort, came repeatedly a flutter of anti-Belgian horror-stories species and paragraphs of Teutonic apology—bound for the waste-basket instantly, as quite obvious echoes of what was over-familiar already and not greatly admired. The most recent and least objectionable instance—a neatly and persuasively composed Berlin business document—still cannot omit the "victories of our armies" which "are beyond all praise".

Curiously, there is a similar comparison to be made in most other fields. The German and Austrian Ambassadors talk war aggressively and boastfully, and continue to talk it and then talk some more; their opponents of like diplomatic station go about their proper business in a decorous way, and leave the American public to the normal sources of information. The only diplomats effectively silenced for going quite over the border of toleration have been a Turk and a German. The German and German-American societies, and they alone, were conspicuously noisy and exuberant in the early weeks of the war, but afterwards quieted a little in deference to the expressed wishes of the President.

One need not append more instances. Just how much protesting there may be without "protesting too much" is hard to say; but they have carried it far enough to suggest an inner uneasiness, however urgently they may deny or defend all that has been done. From another point of view it may pass for another exhibition of German organisation, method, persistence, and care for details. But perhaps it also indicates yet again a certain German shortcoming in sympathetic psychology. People can be bored. They may even slightly resent, with a touch of vexed humour, the infliction of information on subjects as to which they are already abundantly better informed than their informants. Also they are not attracted by mere hardness, quite willing to crush the helpless and defame the wronged—in short, to do or justify anything whatever in maintaining a dominance or carrying through a policy.

Does the pro-German propaganda really make much difference? Probably it makes a few converts, as would any electioneering or advertising scheme. The German-Americans obviously have needed no conversion; the Slav-Americans, Canadian French-Americans, and most Irish-Americans, with the few English, Welsh, and Scotch-Americans, are unpromising subjects for such conversion. The various other hyphenated Americans would probably yield a large majority against German aggressiveness. But if we suppose all these relatively new stocks to balance each other, and that is the most that any sane German estimate could claim, the verdict remains with the real Americans of the old colonial stock or little later—those who supply all

the Presidents and most of the leaders, the language, the laws, the customs, and make indeed the backbone and assimilative soul of the country. Well, they are as nearly unanimous in sympathy for the Allies and, above all, the Belgians as any people not at war may ever get to be.

Yours truly,

W. H. BABCOCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York.

SIR,—There would appear to be some danger of overdue vigilance on British part regarding the German spy question, as well on account of the probable effects on the public nerves as on account of the possible injustice of very many of the charges made against German suspects. Nor is it certain which of the two evils is the graver, inasmuch as it is part of the policy of German statesmen (part, and no small part of their deliberate plan, in effect) to "get on the nerves", as we Americans express it, of the British Admiralty and the British public—what with their submarines, torpedoes, mines, and Zeppelins! Hence the first necessity of coolness and deliberation on the part of all. But to resume: while there can be no question of the danger of nervousness or of its consequences, there should be no question of the necessity of discretion and discrimination on the part of British authorities in the matter of internment of German suspects. For not only would it be unjust and tyrannical to intern honest and inoffensive Germans, merely because they happened to be Germans, but there is also danger lest over-zeal in such connection should raise a new brood of malignant enemies out of former loyal British subjects. For instance, only a few days ago a Scotch friend of mine assured me with much indignation that a brother-in-law of his in London had been threatened with internment (on account of his German name only), and that, rather than submit to such indignity and humiliation, he had fled to America and had been compelled accordingly to leave his wife and three children behind him in delicate and somewhat precarious circumstances. Yet my Scotch friend declared that this man had been for many years "a loyal British subject, beyond the slightest question". As it is now, however, his "loyalty" could hardly be vouched for, I should say. To be sure, it is an onerous and perplexing duty and business all around, in view of the truly damnable espionage system so long and so shamefully practised by the Kaiser and his military coterie or bureaucracy. Nevertheless, the greater the necessity for deliberation and discrimination in the matter of internment on British part. For, serious as may be the dangers from German spies, it is after all utterly impossible that even German craft and duplicity, or German subtlety and thoroughness, could actually employ more than a mere fraction even of those most plausibly suspected by British authorities and zealots; while, on the other hand, only new foes are sure to be created by harsh and indiscriminate resorts and methods. It is always best to be calm and steadfast, and to err rather on the side of forbearance than to give way to inordinate dread of any kind or to mere suspicions! After the agony is all over and militarism and espionage are laid low for ever, the good, or ill, results of "internment" will be made sufficiently manifest, and will redound accordingly to British credit or otherwise. But one thing is certain, and it is a fact that redounds greatly to British credit—viz., that whereas Germans in the United States would appear to be unanimously Kaiser-obsessed and slaves to the German military propagandism, the German element in Canada, or under the British flag, as elsewhere throughout the British Empire, remains loyal and solid in its adherence. It must be then either that British liberty and British institutions appeal with more efficacy to German sentiment and common sense than America's, or else that the British Empire has been more fortunate than the United States in the class and stock of Germans it has attracted to its shores and territories! Hence the further need and importance of discretion and discrimination regarding the internment of "suspects".

EDWIN RIDLEY.

VOICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your article, "Voices", is interesting, but I am afraid it is not scientifically sound. The compass and flexibility of the voice depend upon the vocal chords in the throat. That which is an accident of physical structure cannot be an index of breeding or character. A good voice, like a good set of teeth, is a gift of nature and is sometimes hereditary, as in the case of the two Pitts, and the second and third Sir Robert Peels and the late Speaker. That the voice does always or generally indicate benevolence, or refinement, or clearness of head, or will power, I deny, and can cite numerous instances to the contrary. Burke, the most warm-hearted and imaginative of men and the subtlest of disputants, had a voice so coarse and repellent that it drove men out of the House of Commons. "In vain", said Moore, "did Burke's genius put forth its superb plumage, glittering all over with the hundred eyes of fancy—the gait of the bird was heavy and awkward, and its voice seemed rather to scare than attract". The Duke of Wellington's voice was husky and muffled. Disraeli's voice was powerful, but harsh and unmusical. Lord Morley's voice is thin and poor; while the late Lord Goschen's speaking was like a newsboy yelling in a fog. The finest organ I ever heard was Gladstone's, which had a great variety of notes, all musical. I learn from Lord Morley's "Life" that in his youth Gladstone was fond of singing the negro melodies in fashion; and I should be obliged if your writer would explain the connection between a good set of vocal chords and a correct ear for music. A singer with the finest voice is no use without a musical ear. How comes it that the two gifts are so often united?

In one sense the voice is an index of breeding. All speech is an imitation of sounds heard by the child. Different classes, in all nations, have a different stock of phrases and a different way of pitching the voice. Different localities have also different idioms or turns of thought, and a different way of pronouncing the vowels which we wrongly call "accent". A child will speak after the manner of the company and the neighbourhood in which he or she has been brought up. The late Mr. Joseph Cowen spoke such a broad Northumbrian dialect that the only time I heard him in the House of Commons he was quite unintelligible to me, though I read his graceful eloquence with delight. Intonation—i.e., the keynote and the emphasis—is the most sure and certain sign of the upbringing of the speaker.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

KING ALBERT'S BOOK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hendon,

24 December 1914.

SIR,—If anyone really desires to give three shillings to the Belgian Fund, I imagine that the best way to do it is to send it directly, by way of subscription, to the collectors. There is also a way not to do it. If your purpose really be to help and honour an heroic and stricken people, you will not buy King Albert's Book for yourself or your friend—thereby contributing, say, sixpence to the Fund with one hand, and hitting the hard-pressed publishers a knock-out blow with the other. That, however, is not the point of this letter.

I simply want to hear from Mr. Hall Caine how he comes to be intimately associated with the relief of Belgium. For, in exactly the week in which he introduces King Albert's book to the world, Mr. Leo Maxse has reminded us that in the "Daily News" of 3 August Mr. Caine wrote as follows:

"All England owes you (the 'Daily News and Leader') a deep debt of gratitude for to-day's article (advising British neutrality)—so splendidly clear, so splendidly true, so absolutely unanswerable."

Presumably, we must assume that on 3 August Mr. Caine had no idea that Belgium would be invaded. But the passage seems to indicate that Mr. Caine is one of many all-too-public persons at this time who prefer to get conspicuously on to the table at a moment when they ought to be hiding underneath it.

I am, yours truly,
JOHN PALMER.

A BURNS QUOTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I noticed in your last issue:—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that".

This, however, is what Burns wrote:—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that".

Of course, gowd equals gold.

Yours faithfully,
W. F.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 December 1914.

SIR,—In your interesting article, "The Familiar Saying", in your issue of 28 November, I notice your quotation from Burns is inaccurate. The correct quotation, which is,

"The rank is but the guinea's* stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that!"

coincides more accurately with your remarks just preceding it.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES MACFARLANE.

[Our correspondents are correct; but the second line of our quotation does occur in the song.—ED. S.R.]

SOLDIERS' DENTAL AID FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

36, Leicester Square, W.C.

SIR,—Lord Kitchener is still appealing for soldiers. There are a number of men willing who cannot take their place in the field until their teeth are in order. The Royal Dental Hospital and the National Dental Hospital, and other hospitals, have done, and are doing, work for the soldier; but funds are now urgently needed.

We must have an army, and the soldiers must have their teeth attended to. Many an able-bodied man is waiting for teeth to enable him to go forward and become a fit and proper soldier. We know this because the men are still applying to the hospitals.

Will not those of us, particularly, who cannot have the privilege of actively serving our King and country make it possible for these soldiers to do so by generously subscribing to this fund? Thus may we also show them that we are thinking of them and thanking them for all the many hardships and privations they are going through to save their country's honour and our homes.

Sir Herbert Bartlett, Bart., and Arthur Lucas, Esq., have kindly become Hon. Treasurer and Sub-Hon. Treasurer respectively, and Lady Frederick Conyngham Hon. Secretary. Offices have been kindly lent at 36, Leicester Square, W.C., where all communications and cheques (made payable to the Hon. Treasurer) should be addressed to the Operating Hon. Secretary, Ada Elizabeth Fletcher.

Yours faithfully,
ADA ELIZABETH FLETCHER,
Operating Hon. Sec.

* Some editions give "guinea".—J. M.

REVIEWS.

MR. KIPLING'S PLAIN TALES.

"Plain Tales from the Hills." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. 2 Vols. 2s. 6d. net each.

OPENING once again Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales", in the first volume of the new "Service" edition of his prose works, one feels first of all what abundance there is to follow. For the "Plain Tales" are a merest snack of the feast he spreads. They prepare, rather than satisfy, the zest of a reader who knows what is reserved for him in the later books. There are examples and traits of many sorts and degrees of Mr. Kipling's art in these stories of Simla, but, one and all, they are frail and casual, slender and light, biting less hard into their matter than is usual with Mr. Kipling. There is not one among these tales which Mr. Kipling has not surpassed. They are agreeably representative of his work, showing us the average, below which their author cannot fall, but like all that is average and representative they are unfair to the thing they represent. Were we to give these tales to a reader who had never read a line of Mr. Kipling, we should say to him: "This is the sort of author Mr. Kipling is; but don't imagine that these tales will give you an adequate idea of him. When you have read these tales you will want to read 'Kim', 'The Day's Work', 'Many Inventions', 'Traffics and Discoveries', and 'Puck of Pook's Hill'. Then perhaps you will really begin to talk."

But the "Plain Tales" are well enough for a beginning. Here, at any rate, we get home to the really fundamental quality in Mr. Kipling. It seems at first an almost hopeless undertaking to define what it is in Mr. Kipling's work that signs him distinctly as one of the two or three writers of his generation with a special and individual flavour. How are we going to find a uniform mark and quality in stories that run from the light comedy of flighty days in Simla to the broad laugh of "Soldiers Three"; from the accurate history of an inexperienced locomotive to the trailing, indefinite suggestiveness of "Wireless" or "The Brushwood Boy". To go no further than the "Plain Tales", where is the author who could jump with Mr. Kipling from very circumstantial farce ("The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly") to a tenderness so delicately expressed that it remains manly where no other craftsman could avoid being mawkish ("Thrown Away"), or to a sense of the abnormal so artfully conveyed that one can hardly make out how the thing is done ("The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows"). Yet, with all this diversity, we are continually penetrated with a sense that Mr. Kipling's work is undeniably of a piece, so that, if we secure the right thread, its many colours will unravel.

The end of this thread hangs visibly from the stuff of that plain tale which Mr. Kipling tells us is really a Tract. Aurelian McGoggin, you will remember, was clever—brilliantly clever. He had read some books written by a man called Comte and a man called Spencer. These men, says Mr. Kipling, "deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs". Aurelian McGoggin, at any rate, came to India with "views", and an agnostic religion. He was intellectually "beany". How he was christened the Blastoderm, and how he shortly became converted to a wholesome mistrust by an attack of aphasia, need not here be repeated in detail. Suffice it that "something had wiped his lips of speech as a mother wipes the milky lips of her child, and he was afraid—horribly afraid"; and now "Aurelian McGoggin doesn't know as much as he used to about things Divine". If we take this tale of the man with knowledge and theories out of books, who was humbled by the strain of living with raw, brown and naked humanity in India, with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used-up, over-handed earth underfoot; and if we put it beside that other tale of "Tods's Amendment", we get

about as near to the first belief and inspiring motive of Mr. Kipling's work as we ever shall. Tods, you remember, was an irregular babe about six years old, who mixed indifferently with the natives and with members of the Supreme Legislative Council. The Supreme Legislative Council was engaged on a Bill for improving the condition of tenants in the Punjab. It was a perfect Bill on paper; but it only just missed being a hideous blunder in practice. It missed the blunder because Tods, who heard what the natives said, also sat on the knee of the Legal Member and babbled of what the natives said to more purpose than he knew. The moral of the story is that a baby knows more about native life in India than Legal Members or Native Members of the Supreme Legislative Council.

These two stories of "Aurelian McGoggin" and "Tods's Amendment" really come to the same thing. They express an enormous contempt for all that is vague, pretentious, abstract—all that is merely doctrine. They illustrate that insistence upon the simple and the concrete which colours every sentence of Mr. Kipling. All Mr. Kipling's stories in style and method—many of them in plain moral or tacit implication—are a challenge thrown down in behalf of very simple facts, duties and sentiments. It is Kipling's distinction that he still believes in black and white at a time when most modern novelists and essayists are painfully sorting out the dubious greys. He has a direct eye upon the plain life and work of everyday; he loves to depict what he sees. All his tales are plain tales. He has no moral or political theories to be fitted to the time; he has no prejudice beyond his fundamental prejudice in favour of good work, straight dealing, heroic matter-of-fact, and practical humour. The prejudice is a simple one; and it goes entirely with Mr. Kipling's love of an accurate and concrete acquaintance with the thing of which he writes. There is as little of the smudgy and obscure, of the tricky-clever and ingenious, of the verbal *Barbara Celarent* business about his ships and bridges as about his men and beasts. Mr. Kipling's honesty is such that he must always be in touch with what men do and how the thing is done before he is moved to write at all. His quarrel with Aurelian McGoggin was that Aurelian McGoggin played at bricks with words. His quarrel with the Legal Member of the Supreme Legislative Council was that his Bill was found to be foolish as soon as the Council Chamber came into touch with the Bazaar. Mr. Kipling's quarrel is always with the man in an ivory tower, his own ambition being always to rub shoulders physically with his subject. That is why he loses his temper with the man who has abstract theories about India, or about his duty, or about the marriage laws. That also is why Mr. Kipling is not popular with many of the smart young critics and authors of the immediate present. But his day will return—even with these. We have fed fat upon clever theories of society and the State. We have argued loudly about the woman question and the property question, the diet and the duty question. Now, however, there are signs that present events may quite possibly have on us the effect that India had on Aurelian McGoggin. Any reaction that favours what is simple and obvious and wise as against what is intricate and argumentative and clever will favour the reading of Mr. Kipling's stories.

We have said that every sort of Mr. Kipling's work is represented in the "Plain Tales". But we must conclude by excepting one sort—the sort which recurs in remembering "Below the Mill-Dam". Mr. Kipling's England—his oak and ash and thorn—is not found in the "Plain Tales"; and it is that for which some of us will look first in later volumes of the "Service" edition. Some will object that there are also none of his tales for children; but that is not really valid. Mr. Kipling writes so well for children on account of those very qualities which stamp the "Plain Tales" with his own mark and sign. Mr. Kipling has no hard words and no hard thoughts. He is

always direct and he always handles what the simplest can see and feel. Meantime, here are the first books, neatly bound in blue, printed in the Dolphin type on good paper, a book that goes indifferently well into the pocket or on the shelf—altogether a book with which Mr. Kipling, in his love for excellent work which will bear handling, must be very well satisfied.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.

"Aladore." By Henry Newbolt. Blackwood. 6s. net.

ALADORE is the Eldorado of a poet's dream. When Mr. Newbolt began his book he proposed, we fancy, to leave his knight and his lady at last at rest in the city of attained desire. For them he must have designed the reward of good lovers and good pilgrims, and then, at some moment while the pages were still growing beneath his hand, he discovered that such an end could not be. The change in intentions came from no loss of faith in Aladore, for into its fairy realm he had actually brought Sir Ywain and his Aithne, but after they had been there a little while they heard a horn sounded in the earthly city of Paladore, and it called them to return. It mattered nothing that they had often spoken together in disrespectful fashion of that place. "The horn has sounded", said Ywain, "and the sound of it has power upon body and blood. . . I can by no means keep me from the fight: for the cause is a right cause and one that must be ransomed, yea, though all else be given and lost for it". Thus it happens that this chivalric romance, which should have led us out of time and space, brings us back to earth and ends amid the thick arrows. It is, indeed, a cruel, if unavoidable, way of finishing a tale of many dulcet fancies, yet it has its consolations. Paladore, when the poet first passed through it, seemed only to harbour stupid folk intent on small gains and idle feuds. Afterwards, even to those on the celestial heights, its destinies appeared of moment, and in its agony flowered some new hope.

Mr. Newbolt has written a book distinguished by its fine thought. Often, too, at least in its earlier stages, the author's sharp play of wit may surprise and delight, whilst here and there are passages of striking beauty. It would be no sort of justice to dismiss "Aladore" as nothing but a pretty tale, yet, though its aim is to be an allegory of these great days, we doubt whether it is a work to create anything like a permanent impression. Its chief defect lies in its author's persistent use of archaic language. It may well be claimed that it would be ridiculous to ask the chronicler of Sir Ywain and the Lady Aithne to write in twentieth-century fashion after the manner of a popular novelist, but, on the other hand, we see no good reason for the frequent use of words which can now only be regarded as articles of virtu. On one page, taken at random, we find such curiosities as "adrunken", "anguishment", the plural "peasen", and "agrief", and with this continuing throughout the book, we are, as Mr. Newbolt would write but not say, weary in the end. Literary affectations are at times pleasing. A word which has ceased to be common currency may give a glow to a whole page of plain writing, but exactly the reverse result is obtained when line after line halts us with unfamiliar syllables. The author who is for ever drawing on the bank of language for demonetised tokens fails in his object of linking us with the great, dead ages of literature and can give us nothing but dead writing. Mr. Newbolt offends not only in his choice of too many veteran words passed out of active service, but also in his manner of constructing sentences. Quotation, obviously, cannot here prove our point, for several pages must be read before the irritating effect of his repetitions and inversions can be fully felt. It is a thousand pities that reaction against our modern jargon should have induced him

to adopt this mannered style. Except in writing dialogue, we doubt whether an author should make a practice of writing words or phrases which he would not use in speech with his equals.

Happily, however, Mr. Newbolt has his own gift of expression, though he exercises it too seldom. On this plain of hard-laboured poetic prose, we meet from time to time with pleasant little valleys for refreshment, where we can stop for the sake of beauty and laugh happily as we wait. How good it is, for instance, when Mr. Newbolt wakes us at early morning, saying it is "the time of sparrow chirp", and presently tells us to listen to the human voices underneath Sir Ywain's window. "They that talked", he says, "were the farmer and his wife, and she spoke loud because he was hard of hearing, and he spoke yet louder because she was his wife, and he wished his saying to prevail over hers". On the way to Aladore the pilgrim may be excused if he seeks somewhat eagerly for these runnels of humour and wisdom, but the journey is for the most part made solemnly. The writer is more often wise than gay, and, unlike the Celtic romancers, he seems to find a difficulty in being both at once. Had Mr. James Stephens had charge of these pilgrims on their wanderings, we fancy he would have contrived more entertainments both for them and us, yet none of the sagacity of the chronicle would have been lost. If Sir Ywain had been occasionally accompanied by a jester no harm would have been done; but the knight, we note, made a practice of taking his troubles to a hermit who, after the way of solitaires, had wisdom but lacked knowledge. Here, probably, is the reason why for too many pages the earnestness of Mr. Newbolt remains oppressive. He surprises us when, after a spell of solemn detachment from terrestrial affairs, he shows himself as a shrewd observer of humanity and a sharp critic of its ways.

Paladore, the first great city reached on the pilgrimage, stands for the world of to-day, or of an immediate yesterday. When we are told that it had expelled almost all its priests but retained an archbishop, we learn in a neat, if acid, phrase the type of materialism by which it had been overgrown. The allegorical asides in which Mr. Newbolt hints of modern problems are always apt. Certainly he makes his points in his account of the feud between the factions of the Tower and the Eagle, wherein the former for so long held the upper hand by the simple process of showering honours on the most dangerous of its opponents. Sir Ywain, simple stranger, found much to astonish him in the politics of Paladore, and particularly he wondered why the party of youth and vigour could never prevail. Only the citizens could explain to him that because so many well grown Eagles found comfortable nests in the Tower there was only a rabble of eaglets left to attack it. Mr. Newbolt is not, however, content only to jibe at the common ways of the world, for he likes no better the habit of the City of Saints, where all were "assotted" upon bell-ringing, nor is he deceived by the hopes of those who lived in the mechanical town of Dædalus, nor of those who worshipped Pan according to the laws of nature. Aladore of the poet's dream remains the goal in spite of these lures, but of its fashion we are told little, since, doubtless, its precise form is according to every pilgrim's fancy, though it is indeed suggested that it is best reached by a man and woman in company. At the moment, perhaps, we need enquire no more of it. The pressing business is with earthly Paladore, both for the poet and its own common citizens.

SPIRALS IN ART AND NATURE.

"The Curves of Life." By Theodore A. Cook. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

MANY good artists and observers of nature must have gone through life without as much as suspecting the existence of the logarithmic spiral. Others, having heard of it in passing, have doubtless connected it vaguely with mathematics, and put it aside with the rhomboids and rhombuses and other

such things, for the knowledge of which we seem to be so little the richer. But after reading Mr. Cook's work we may catch ourselves looking for spirals in cigarette smoke; and that, we imagine, is a first stage in the condition of mind the author has wished to produce. Had we been asked a little while ago to recognise a likeness between a shell-fish and a staircase, we might have attempted a jesting reply about cabbages and kings, for the problem does indeed suggest the examination paper of a nightmare. But Mr. Cook has never been daunted by this kind of thing. Like Leonardo da Vinci, the master whom above all others he reveres, he combines to a rare extent a passion for beauty with a passion for precise knowledge. From his book we gather at least an impression of the extraordinary persistency of spiral formations. He shows them to us in the wings both of a beetle and a kestrel, in human anatomy, the trunks of trees, the horns of animals, climbing plants, and the nebulae of the heavens. He traces them through the work of Dürer, and, of course, of Leonardo da Vinci, and notes them in the most perfect examples of architecture, as in the work of prehistoric man.

Plainly, there may be, we would almost say there ought to be, something more than coincidence in all this. There comes a time in reading of these things when we ask whether it be possible that the story of spirals is the story of the universe, and, could we grant this, it would follow easily that the artist as a creator must be in natural sympathy with the original design. In the end, however, Mr. Cook leaves us speculating, but with nothing proven. The extraordinary similarity between the staircase of the Château de Blois and the shell of *Voluta vesperilio* is certainly suggestive, and, actually, it was from noting this that the author started on his inquiries, but whether the unknown architect was a student of conchology must remain uncertain. On the whole, we rather hope that he was not. Mr. Cook pleads winningly for sympathy between the men of science and the men of art, and between the followers of one science or art and another; for always he has Leonardo in his mind; but we cannot forget that the old artisans who devised so many of the buildings we hold most dear were unlearned craftsmen. They had joy in their work, some innate sense of fitness, and the beauty they half-unconsciously produced lightened their labours. The services of such men are no longer employed. Our great buildings are designed by men who can pass examinations. Modern architects know all about the history of the Pyramids, the life of Ictinus, and can explain and illustrate what is meant by such terms as amphiprostyle and tympanum. The logarithmic spiral could easily be added to the store of their learning, and a little conchology would not be beyond their powers, but we are not satisfied that these things would give them grace.

In such researches as Mr. Cook's there is a danger for the creative artist, for the result may be self-conscious work. We may even come to the false conclusion that by taking pains we shall acquire genius. The truth is that Leonardo cannot be taken as an example nor followed as a model. Did any other man attempt his elaborate treatise on the horse, we believe that the outcome would be neither a statue nor a picture, but an anatomical diagram. Mr. Cook has not been able to give a verdict after his accumulation of evidence, nor has he quite succeeded in showing how Poe's Hamadryad can live happy under the rule of science; yet his wanderings in search of light have led him through many interesting bypaths. After all, he has scarcely desired to come to the full stop of a dead certainty. "One of the chief beauties of the spiral", he says, "as an imaginative conception is that it is always growing, yet never covering the same ground". We can at least see in it an emblem of life. If there are any who can give themselves to contemplation of the spiral idea with Mr. Cook's enthusiasm, we can well understand that it will twine round their minds and return to them with the persistency of the black bryony in a hedge—that strange animal-like plant which one has often regarded with wonder in our

English June lanes; and in which, in the hot swamps or springs of the Atlas Mountains, we have really seemed to have noticed a perceptible advance in twine and spire whilst we stood and watched!

SIFTING THE ILIAD.

"The Composition of the Iliad: an Essay on a Numerical Law in Its Structure." By Austin Smyth. 6s. net. Longmans.

THE short preface of this book by Mr. Smyth, the Librarian of the House of Commons, explains that its object is "to demonstrate that the Iliad of Homer at one time consisted of 13,500 lines, neither more nor less, divided into 45 sections of 300 verses each, with major divisions after the 15th and 30th of these; from which it follows that the remaining 2,193 verses, which appear in our present texts, are more recent additions and ought to be removed". Profound dissent is expressed from the general view that the poem is "a secular growth", and a tribute is paid to Dr. Leaf, whose edition of the "Iliad" supplies Mr. Smyth with many of his points. That is all that we get before a close and elaborate discussion of the numerous changes in the text necessary for the formation of Mr. Smyth's triacosiaads. Close to the end of the book, however, we find some general argument, which should certainly have been transferred to the Preface, or figured as a separate Introduction.

Mr. Smyth's supposed rule that each canto of his forty-five contained exactly 300 lines was clearly enforced and forgotten before the Athenian recension of the sixth century, which made the "Iliad" a world's book and has been called a "profoundly important educational movement". The rule was made, it is suggested, by a single man, the author of the "Iliad", to prevent others from meddling with his work. No analogies for it are discovered in any period of literary history, and belief in it must depend entirely on our judgment concerning several questions, two of which are: Is the poem so produced and its various divisions preferable to the "Iliad" we know? and, Are the dislocating omissions and rearrangements involved reasonably accounted for? If there is one omission to which we object, obviously it will put the whole scheme out.

At the time when Mr. Smyth's rule was in force, the use of writing was but little known to the Greeks, and the Homeric poems were recited, it may be assumed, by people like the rhapsodist whose vanity and effectiveness are alike emphasised in one of the Platonic dialogues. But it is to be noticed that a reciter himself would not find it easy to count lines while he was delivering them—that, at least, is the experience of one of the best memories we know—so that someone in the audience would have to test the numbers of lines. Also, it does not seem more difficult to remember that Canto I. contains 300 lines, and Canto II., say, 305, than that both are of exactly the same length. Once fixed in the memory, divergent lengths would seem as easily recognised as 300 lines throughout, and they might even be an advantage. The audience would see that they did not get their full measure if they did not get 303 lines in a certain canto—the subject and number of all in the series being familiar. On the whole, we consider that Mr. Smyth would gain by allowing himself the latitude of a few lines more or less, as we think nothing of the mnemonic point.

His scheme has a neatness of parallelism in subject and arrangement which is attractive; it omits several lines which are generally rejected and will not be missed. It omits the whole of Book X. with the support of ancient and modern critics. But, on the other hand, it supports verses which good opinion wishes away, or which at least raise difficulties that elsewhere cause rejection, and it involves substantial reductions which we are not inclined to tolerate, and which, once begun, might on the same lines of argument be carried further. Mr. Smyth is an accomplished scholar, and he argues often with considerable cogency; but, partly

perhaps from brevity (the whole work has only 217 pages), and partly from the onesidedness which seizes every upholder of a theory, he is not always fair. He has knocked on the head 2,193 verses. No more and no less will do; yet, proceeding on the same principles, we could easily slaughter more, and, if we aimed at being consistent, with no theory in our eye, we think we should increase these deletions, and spoil the neat counting of cantos.

Mr. Smyth speaks of the "surprising neatness and ease" of his reductions. He certainly is neat in some cases, but in others the dislocations are violent and unsatisfactory. His last canto, dealing with the Ransom of Hector, "finally convinced" him of the truth of his theory. So it will be fair to take a point in it. We are bidden to "remove the little apologue of Niobe that Achilles tells to Priam in verses 602-620" (Book xxiv.), and the reasons are thus stated:—

"About the tale of Niobe there is not much to be said. It is beautifully told in sixteen verses, with three more to bring us back to our muttons. But the speech of Achilles surely ends with his words in verse 601, *νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα δόρον*, 'but now let us think about supper,' after which he cannot without impropriety go on for another twenty lines, but ought to suit the action to the word at once by killing his sheep at verse 621. Nor is the legend of Niobe found anywhere else in Homer."

This is disingenuous, for a reader unfamiliar with the text would surely imagine that Achilles was delaying dinner by talking at random. Nothing of the kind. Priam, it appears from v. 637-642, had not slept or eaten or drunk since his son's death; he had to be persuaded to sup, and Achilles does it by telling him that even Niobe bethought her of meat, "she whose twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons". For nine days her children lay unburied, on the tenth the gods buried them, and "she then bethought her of meat, when she was wearied out with weeping tears. So come let us too, noble father, take thought of meat". The apologue is admirably to the point, and we need it. Without it the invitation to sup is crudely abrupt, unworthy of a gentleman like Achilles. The argument that, because the legend of Niobe is not found elsewhere in Homer, it is to be rejected seems to us most pernicious and utterly unsound. One might as well remove the whole tale of Cupid and Psyche from the "Metamorphoses" of Apalcius, because it is found nowhere else in classic literature. The obscure but very interesting reference to some form of writing (vi. 169) disappears because it is part of the story of Bellerophon, and Mr. Smyth objects to genealogical talk, but we cannot in the least share his apparent satisfaction at the loss of "the sole indication that Homer's audience was familiar with any form of writing". With some form of pictograph, which the word *γράφοις* suits, that audience must surely have been acquainted.

The argument from the repetition of striking verses seems to us weak, and even when they stand in our present text in two books, the earlier use may, we learn, be the false one, as an interpolator borrowed the later one to fortify his exhausted invention. Mr. Smyth swallows a hero who comes to life again in Pylæmenes as "a perfectly genuine oversight" and boggles at much lesser things. The rejecters of verses have been so busy throughout the "Iliad" that they give him plenty of scope, but it does not create confidence to remark:—

"I must frankly confess that had it suited my purpose to leave out the line I should have done so without scruple; but, since the opposite is the case, I am predisposed to defend it."

The speeches of Nestor fare badly at Mr. Smyth's hands; they are "a regular matrix for the foreign ore"; they "will often yield an easily detachable story". His exhortation after Hector has issued his challenge in Book vii. is praised as being at first to the point, but declared to be spoilt by its later lines. Perhaps it is spoilt, but Nestor is a garrulous old person who dilates on his own exploits and earlier days.

That is his character. Are there no such characters about nowadays? We need hardly ask the question, perhaps, of a librarian of the House of Commons. Homer enjoyed his fights as much as anybody who heard them recited. So we think, and it suited his bright speed to cut the cackle and get to business. But with two excellent authorities, Aristotle and the learned author of "Epic and Romance", we feel sure that Homer was strongly interested in human character. Hector's challenge would wait while a delightful old bore like Nestor was babbling. Here and elsewhere there are other objections put forward—Mr. Smyth's armoury of weapons is full—but it is impossible to consider the intricacies of Homeric criticism in a single notice. Homeric geography is not certain, and never will be, and we say the same after many years of study concerning details of the story which seem to have caused no difficulty to earlier critics and raise for us almost insuperable difficulties. We do not think it likely that Mr. Smyth will procure such agreement among scholars of his way of thinking as to get Homer printed to reveal his cantos; but we are obliged to him for a highly ingenious study which has given us new lights here and there. But after dismissing from our minds the methods by which he produces his divisions, we do not regard them as so superior to the present arrangement as to create a conviction that they must have existed. We do not see their necessity as mnemonic aids. Was the poet's work added to during his lifetime, or only after it? No one can say. And in either case did he conceive that a strict limit of lines would be of any avail against a skilful pirate? Perhaps he was an incurable optimist. Mr. Smyth certainly seems to be one when he speaks of the present republic of letters as existing "to protest against the violation of a law of composition"!

MODERN ENGLISH THEOLOGY.

[REVIEWED BY CANON DOUGLAS MACLEANE.]

"The Epistle of Priesthood." By Alexander Nairne, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 8s.

"St. Paul and Christianity." By Arthur C. Headlam, D.D. Murray. 5s.

"The Last Discourse and Prayer." By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

DIVINITY Professors all—Dr. Swete the veteran chief of the theological faculty at Cambridge and the representative of the great Westcott tradition; Dr. Headlam, seated in the chair of dogmatic theology at King's College, London, where he was formerly Principal; and Dr. Nairne—doctored for this very remarkable treatise—who is Professor of Hebrew at King's. The reaction from Scriptural literalism has recently run into ultra-liberalism, and it is the Apostles' rather than the Nicene or Athanasian Creed which is now the stumbling-block to the advanced school. Not the infallibility of the Church or the Bible, but the infallibility of Christ the Revealer is the object of present attack. Not the miracle of Gadara, but the Virgin Birth and the Empty Tomb are now pronounced incredible by men holding office in the Church, and synodical re-affirmation of the truth of the plain statements of the Creed was recently voted against by three Bishops. Theological professors and episcopal chaplains have been especially active of late in the throwing down of all the fences of belief. By their side the three eminent scholars whose books lie before us appear conservative traditionalists, though the youngest of them, Dr. Nairne, is a daring explorer. Perhaps we may speak of them as standing for the higher and richer Broad-churchmanship which dominates the theology of our day. Discarded and exploded indeed is the old-fashioned "schoolmaster" type of theological Liberalism, so unscientific and merely *a priori*—the eschatological school of Schweitzer has demonstrated its hopeless incompatibility with the documented record.

Still, the divinity which has supplanted that of the older Liberals seems almost as nebulous. When Westcott occupied a prebendal house at the Abbey, a peculiarly thick fog used to make Liddon say jestingly that he suspected a certain window in Westminster was open. It was never easy to make out exactly what Westcott meant by his nobly mysterious sentences. We are not sure that the neighbourhood of Somerset House breathes a much more pellucid air. Let us call the mistiness a golden haze, still the difficulty of making out the familiar landmarks remains. Dr. Headlam is eloquent about the risen Easter life in the Spirit of Christ, but the reader who wishes to know whether the Body of the Crucified mouldered in the grave is put off with the statement that St. Paul clearly looked on Christ's rising again as "in some sense" a bodily resurrection. Professor Nairne avers that the "high doctrine of Christ is the primitive doctrine", yet he speaks of His perfect holiness as "a Church tradition", and the Resurrection is also referred to as a "tradition". He insists on the presentment of Christianity in the Epistle to the Hebrews as sacramental, sacrificial and priestly, but what Christ's priesthood means when translated into actual ordinance, rite and human ministry is left obscure. However, there is a great gulf between any school that accepts the abstract principle of priesthood and sacrifice and Liberalism proper, which rejects *in toto* the very conception of mediatorial authority, as inconsistent with equality, and of sacrificial propitiation for sin. Priesthood after the order of Melchisedek, according to Dr. Nairne, is a true sacerdotalism, though he calls it "natural" rather than "official" priesthood—as culture, rank or parentage confer a natural priesthood. Dr. Headlam, on the other hand, we fancy, would like to get rid of sacrificial ideas. The view of the death of Christ as an atoning sacrifice suggests phraseology, he says, to St. Paul, and helps him to illustrate his meaning—e.g., the blood of the Passover lamb—but he only uses such language because it had been used by others. The Atonement, we read, was a fact, not a doctrine. This is strong meat.

Dr. Headlam throws out so many dark hints of elements in the Pauline teaching which must be ignored, so much is said about Rabbinic influences and the moulding of the Apostle's thought by the current notions of his age and of the schools, that the plain man for whom "Cambridge Manuals" are compiled longs, it may be, to ask, "Please tell us distinctly how much of the New Testament and the traditional Christian belief we have to give up". Thus Dr. Headlam seems quite clear that there are no such things really as personal evil spirits, though Christ occupied so much of His ministry in casting them out, and though the Lord's Prayer in the Revised Version asks, "Deliver us from the Evil One". But has he considered how much of the Gospel story will be left when all references to supernatural beings—and holy angels can hardly survive the fallen ones—have been eliminated? Dr. Nairne is much freer from anti-supernaturalist preconceptions. But with him, too, the reader seems often to walk *suppositos per ignes*, and wishes this brilliant writer would set down plainly a list of old-fashioned beliefs which may still be held. Some day a more than usually bold theologian—scarcely, perhaps, prelate, priest or professor: that would be too much to expect—may even risk his reputation by hinting at such a thing as Divine inspiration. The present fashion is to account for the scope and length of a Gospel by the dimensions of the available papyrus rolls, to explain singularity in a quotation by the manual difficulty of unfolding the original document, or to get rid of some inconvenient doctrine by ascribing it to the amanuensis. Dr. Swete recalls indeed almost forgotten ways of speaking when he suggests that in the case of the Evangelists the "proverbially retentive Eastern memory" may perhaps have been "quicken by the coming of the Spirit". The mediæval painters represented St. Mark or St. John as writing with a kneeling angel or an eagle to hold the inkhorn!

We would not, however, seem ungrateful to any of these scholars for their contributions to theology. Though their conclusions are sometimes vague, elusive if not evasive, their arguments are always suggestive. The Cambridge Regius Professor's massive learning is admirably utilised in his devout study of our Lord's last discourse and prayer as given in St. John xiv.-xvii. Professor Headlam finds much to say that is new and instructive on so often-handled a theme as St. Paul's presentment of Christianity, while Professor Nairne brings to an elucidation of the anonymous Epistle to the Hebrews the indispensable instrument of imagination and sympathy. We may often demur to his exegesis, but it always leaps towards the heart of things. The Epistle, he holds, was written "to prepare a set of foolish men for possible martyrdom"—"philosophic Liberals" and Hellenizers who had never thoroughly embraced the Christian Gospel and now stood shivering on the brink of out-and-out discipleship, when the Jewish war with Rome was beginning, and patriotism, as well as a certain superior dislike of Christian "enthusiasm", was tempting them to sit loose to their baptism. This letter is an intense appeal to their loyalty, a call to them to come to Christ without the camp, bearing His reproach.

LATEST BOOKS.

"France." By Gordon Home. Black. 10s. net.

Primarily a colour-book, we do not look here for any very deep or extensive information on France and the French. Mr. Home has attempted to take a bird's-eye view of the country, its people and institutions, and the limits of the space at his disposal have obliged him to make several generalisations, the danger of which he himself sees. He has, however, avoided most of the stock platitudes which mislead the casual tourist, but we cannot quite agree with his statement that the Channel divides "two peoples completely different in every characteristic". The chief difference between the races is one of manners rather than of temperament, and racially we are probably nearer akin to one another than to any third people. The Celtic inhabitants of our islands, in particular, have always found it easy to make a home in France, whilst there is very little doubt that the importance of the Teutonic strain in England has been greatly exaggerated in the past. Mr. Home, however, writes pleasantly, and his modest chapters are really more informative than several serious treatises which we could procure at the library, but the fact remains that our present need is for a book insisting less on the differences and more on the resemblances between French and English. As in nearly all Messrs. Black's publications, the illustrations here are of high quality.

"The Untilled Field." By George Moore. Heinemann. 6s.

We read in Mr. Moore's preface: "I began to read the 'Untilled Field' for this new edition and found myself thinking that if perchance any of my writings should survive me for a few years, as likely as not it would be these stories. And as this little vanity dispersed, I became more and more interested, for it seemed to me that I had come upon the source of Synge's inspiration". These are excellent words, read as a jest; but let not the unwary reader be led into receiving them seriously. Mr. Moore's best work, as this preface shows, only appears when he has himself for a theme. His trilogy of autobiographical studies will be his monument—a monument to Mr. Moore's genius for regarding himself alternately as a huge joke and a very serious proposition. As to Mr. Moore's claim by proxy to the literary manner of Synge—well, read these very dry stories of Irish life, dry in humour, in style, and in spirit, and judge for yourself.

"Mysticism and the Creed." By W. Cobb. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

A German mystic—a class submerged for the present in Germany—once complained that someone talked so much that it was impossible to hear what he said. After reading this lengthy and somewhat contentious book a similar feeling may overwhelm some reader who believes deeply that God has made the human soul for Himself and that it is restless until it rests in Him. None the less Dr. Cobb has rendered a signal service by insisting that the Apostles' Creed suffers loss from both Puritan and Catholic hands alike, "for each by selecting arbitrarily one-half of the living child secures as a prize what has been killed in the process". He maintains, with real ability, a third way of treating the Creed—that is, the way of the practical mystic who believes that "his duty is first to listen to what the voice of his inner life bids him do, and then to make full

use of the forms that tradition offers him. Stated in other words, his imperative duty is to interpret for himself, and to maintain his right to interpret for himself, the credal forms which are part of his birthright. To abnegate this right would be tantamount to an assertion either that the Spirit of God is not any longer at work in the hearts of believers, or that the Church has so failed in her historic mission as to have no disciples who can be trusted to walk by the Spirit". There is a real danger of the Creed suffering loss in this third way, which will reveal itself to the careful reader. But through all Dr. Cobb's reasoning—one is tempted to write in despite of all his reasoning—there will remain a conviction that the author's own deepest convictions are not far removed from those of Scheffler, when in his beautiful lines on the Mystical Catholic he asks and answers the supreme question

"How far from here to heaven? Not very far, my friend.
A single hearty step will all thy journey end".

"My Adventures in the Commune." By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Vizetelly has written another chapter of the story of his adventurous youth. The record of his experiences in the Franco-German War of 1870 made good reading, but from the historical point of view his narrative of the Paris Commune is almost incomparably more valuable. In England, at least, we know little of that brief but terrible period when, under the very eyes of a scoffing invader, the soldiers and citizens of France attempted to rend their own country in pieces. This book is at once a most exciting chronicle and a dispassionate study of events. The author lays blame where it was due. It is at least likely that if Thiers had displayed a more reasonable and statesmanlike spirit, some of the worst horrors of the "week of blood" would have been avoided. Of the insurgent leaders, however, little good is to be said. Rochefort was almost the only one of them whom we do not look back on as a nonentity, and he, though distinctly a man of parts, was not precisely a person to whom one would gladly entrust the Government of a country. Mr. Vizetelly rescues many of the others from oblivion. Though they were not great men, for a little while they played great roles, and it is a strange gallery of portraits through which the author leads us, including a few genuine Catilines, a mad hatter, rogues, visionaries, flamboyant journalists, and, perhaps, one real Jacobin, of the old, determined type, in the person of Delescluze. Together they made a queer chapter of history, extraordinary to read to-day when we can compare it with the sane, well-ordered France which now meets the shock of war.

We have a warm welcome for Mr. Selwyn Image's "Art, Morals, and the War" (Oxford University Press, 6d. net), the lecture he delivered in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, on 12 November. Of its distinctive kind, delicately expressed and intensely felt, there has been no better pamphlet on the war and its moral and true meaning than this by Mr. Image. We agree, without reserve, with Mr. Image—this country, like France and Russia, Belgium and Serbia, is fighting for existence against the common foe, but is fighting, too, for lofty and pure ideal and motive. There is a great cleansing fire in this war, a fire the nations without doubt had begun to need greatly.

"The Empire in Arms." By Donald Macmaster, M.P.

This small pamphlet, privately printed, is virtually the report of one of Mr. Macmaster's speeches; but it is well worth publishing at large. It declares the cause of the Allies eloquently and justly. It recognises the fine response of our recruits at home and of the Empire generally; and it ends, seriously and rightly, upon the necessity and the advantages of national service. These few pages are a most valuable contribution to the literature of the war. We should like to see it publicly sold and widely read.

ERRATUM.—In the article "Making an Army," in last week's issue, Lord Goderich was by an oversight referred to as Lord Goodrich.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HISTORY.

Macaulay's History of England (Edited by Charles Harding Firth). Vol. V. 10s. 6d. net.

LAW.

The Law of Contract during War (Professor W. F. Trotter). Hodge and Co. 15s. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Hazell's Annual (Edited by T. A. Ingram). Hazell. 3s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

Fifeshire Folk-Lore (J. E. Simpkins). 15s. net; Handbook on Folk-Lore (C. S. Burne), 6s. net. Sidgwick.

The Bed-Book of Happiness (Harold Begbie). Hodder. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to See a Play (Richard Burton). 5s. 6d. net; Economics of Efficiency (Norris a Briscoe). 6s. 6d. net. Macmillan.

India's Fighters (Saint Nihal Singh). Low, Marston and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

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One may say, indeed, that this office is unlikely to have to write off any very substantial sum in 1916, though it will suffer—with all insurance companies—from war taxation. Barely one-third of the life assurance fund, which amounted to £6,001,136 when the accounts were made up, is invested on the Stock Exchange, and at that time the market valuation exceeded the balance-sheet valuation by some twenty thousand pounds. Moreover, a second investigation made as on 31 July disclosed merely a trifling deficiency, which had augmented to an amount representing about $\frac{1}{4}$ on the total assets when the meeting was held on 6 November last.

Nor is it probable that claims will increase to any very serious extent. War risks have never been made a special feature, and the premium income of about £440,000 is largely derived from persons who have exceeded the military age or are charged extra premiums on account of indifferent health. It is, indeed, probable that the "Clerical and Medical" will suffer less than almost any other life office through deaths due to the war, and the worst that is likely to happen is a somewhat reduced profit from suspended mortality. War taxation, as a matter of fact, may be expected to prove the most grievous trouble so far as the policy-holders are concerned, and the extent of the loss of income so caused between now and 30 June 1916 can already be estimated.

Although war has made everything more or less uncertain, one fact is indisputable—at the end of June the society was in a condition to stand a strain of unexampled severity. Throughout the 1906-11 quinquennium its prosperity had steadily increased in several important directions. A more plentiful supply of new business had been obtained, and the average rate of interest earned had materially risen, even when allowance had been made for the higher scale on which income-tax was payable. In the five years the profit realised had amounted to £777,310, against £672,864 and £597,668 in the two preceding quinquenniums, and a somewhat enlarged balance was carried forward, albeit the rate of distribution was fully maintained. Subsequent to the last quinquennial investigation even greater progress was apparently made. In the three years from June 1911 to June 1914 the life assurance fund increased from £5,468,071 to £6,001,136, and the gross rate of interest earned from £4 os. 9d. per cent. to £4 4s. per cent.; while the burden of expenditure on the premium income, making due allowance for the increase of the new business transactions, remained practically stationary, the last report showing that only about 13·21 per cent. of the net premiums was spent in 1913-14, when the cost of the annuity business had been deducted.

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